1969

CONCORDIAN

Norma Neumann

"And a thousand recollections
Weave their air-threads into woof,
As I listen to the patter
Of the rain upon the roof."

Coates Kinney

"No," they said, "You can not recapture the joy of the past. You and the world have both changed since then. That was many years ago. There will be nothing left but emptiness, disappointment, and regret. Don't go back!"

But I did come back. And I have spent a day walking on old paths, staring at the insides of empty, lifeless buildings, hearing old familiar voices in the sighing of the evergreens, feeling old feelings that have been gone from my heart for so many years. In short, I have spent a day recreating the past. Of that this is my record.

"Don't go back!" they said. But I dared to come back.

The

CONCORDIAN

1950

Prologue

A pelting summer rain was creating rings and bubbles in the troubled waters of the swollen rivers that flooded the gutters. It was very early and very wet. And since no one in Bronxville had ever had a liking for either of those adjectives, the streets were deserted.

There was no noise save the constant splattering and splashing of the rain and the periodic clicking of the traffic signals as they changed color. They seemed wasting their efforts on the emptiness. So I stopped at one corner and waited for the green just to be cooperative.

Then raising my coat collar a little higher around my ears and swinging my big black umbrella into battle position, I headed into the wind and up the last winding section of the old road, called Tanglewylde Avenue for very good reasons.

The hill was as steep as ever, and it made me puff. I was surprised, for I hadn't counted on that; in all the times I'd climbed it I'd never puffed before. But years had passed since I had done that, and somehow I had allowed myself to get out of condition. Strange, I thought, how the years changed a person.

I was glad to get to the top and stopped there for a moment to catch whatever might be left of my breath — and, I assure you, there wasn't much.

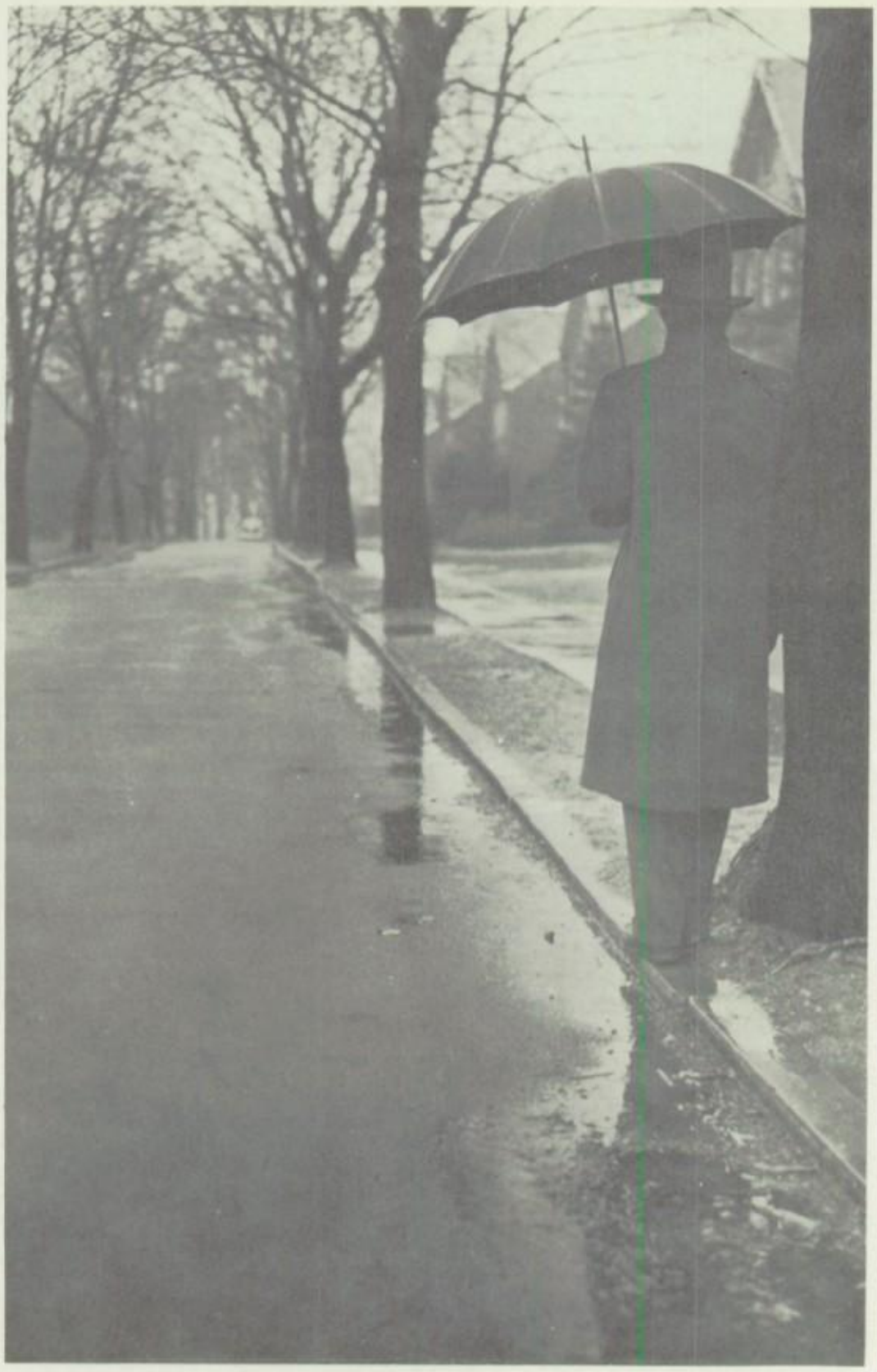
As I stood there, I peered out from beneath my black canopy. Ahead of me I saw, half veiled from sight by the pouring rain so that they appeared as in a dream, the old brick buildings I had longed so to revisit, come so far to see once more, that group of miscellaneous buildings which, although really no different from any others and perhaps even less striking than some had nevertheless drawn me to them — I knew not why.

The rain and the wind and the gray sky made them look bleak and cold. And I hesitated for a moment, for I was afraid of disappointment and regret. Then suddenly my eyes came to rest on the place where many years ago my laundry case had come apart and spilled its contents into a huge muddy puddle. Indeed, there, I thought, was the very puddle. And over there the window that I'd broken with an orange. And the ball diamond, and the dining hall, and — why I was home. Home!

"Concordia," I whispered, as if I experienced great pleasure at being able to associate the spoken word with such tangible evidence of its existence.

"Concordia," I said again.

And that was all I could think of to say.



FACULTY ROW

I soon found myself to be undeniably and absolutely alone. The entire campus was for some reason or another deserted — at least today.

I had successfully navigated the puddles on the front drive and made my way to the Administration Building, only to discover that not even a stray secretary was on the job. The offices had been locked and dark, the building empty and unfriendly.

Then I had come to Faculty Row with the hope still in my heart that I might see a familiar face, clasp a familiar hand. But the houses here had turned out to be equally dark, empty, and unfriendly. A chattering squirrel and a noisy jay were my only hosts.

I was alone, all right — quite alone. And there wasn't very much that I could do about it.

I shook my head. Then leaning against a tree, I tried for a moment to forget the rain, the wind, and the emptiness. And I think I almost chuckled to myself when I remembered. . . .

The Oskosh Mathematician

COACH ELMER DOBBERSTEIN

To whom we dedicated our yearbook that year . . . The man who had come to us after serving on the staffs of the F.B.I. and the Census Bureau . . . Loyal alumnus of Oskosh State Teacher's College in Wisconsin . . .

Who coached a few mean basketball and baseball teams . . . When he wasn't trying to explain mathematics to thick heads like me . . . Or busy taking care of the Co-op store . . . Then there were the Math clubs and Hobby Clubs with their displays . . . And his family at home in Bronxville . . . Who were his staunchest rooters . . . One of them got on a television broadcast during one Christmas season . . . Talk about a proud papa . . . His chief characteristic a blue Ford of uncertain vintage . . . In which he arrived here in September 1945 . . . And ferried his "boys" to twenty games in his second year as basketball coach . . . Out of the twenty they won fifteen . . . A pretty good testimony for basketball as mathematics applied . . . And for amiable Coach Dobberstein.

Words at Parting

Old words about old things . . . A solid link between the present and the past . . . A magic wand conjuring up school day memories . . . Odd what a piece of paper can do.

CONCORDIA COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE
BRONXVILLE 8, NEW YORK
WESTCHESTER COUNTY

June, 1950

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

To the Members of the Class of 1950

As you pass the rostrum on graduation day to receive your diplomas, we of the faculty stand aside to mingle a hearty Godspeed with our farewells to you.

If you could return to a Concordia commencement ten or twenty years hence, without the high emotions of the graduation hour and with some opportunity to test in more earnest living the truths learned upon this campus, perhaps you then would be in a better position to define more fully the meaning of your Concordia diploma. All the comforts and little hurts, all the coziness and little pains of these days will long ago have merged for you into one cherished memory of Alma Mater.

Then, perhaps, you will say that the meaning of your Concordia days may be compacted into two words: foundation and direction. The foundation for your life came from a book which is Truth, the direction for your life, from a Man who is the King of Kings. This Book of Truth, whose principles pervade all teaching, has permanently defined your relations upward, towards your Creator, and laterally, towards your fellow men. To that Man, who is your God, you have been led to give the deepest allegiance of your hearts and to Him you are giving the whole service of your lives.

So fixed and so directed, you need not cower before all the dread possibilities of danger and destruction, about which we hear so much so incessantly in 1950. A life so orientated will have the stuff for useful, worthwhile serving, even in a turbulent world.

May these two words always summarize the larger meaning of your years at Concordia. That this treasure may forever be yours and that it may grow in richness with the passing of time is the meaning of our handclasp on your graduation day.

All good wishes to every one of you for success in the spirit of Concordia.

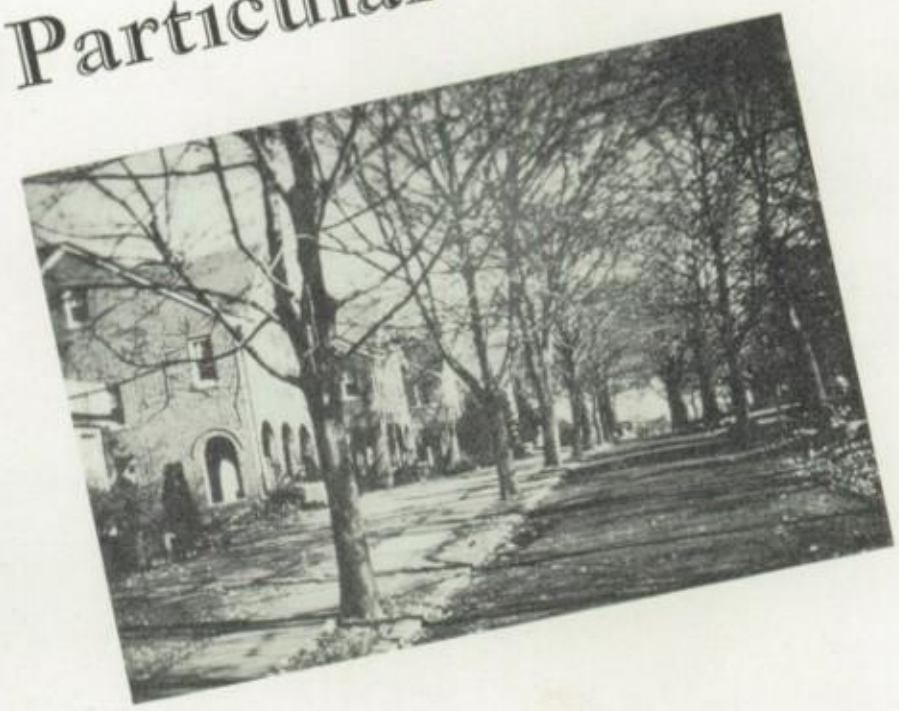
Sincerely yours,

Albert E. Meyer

Albert E. Meyer
Acting President

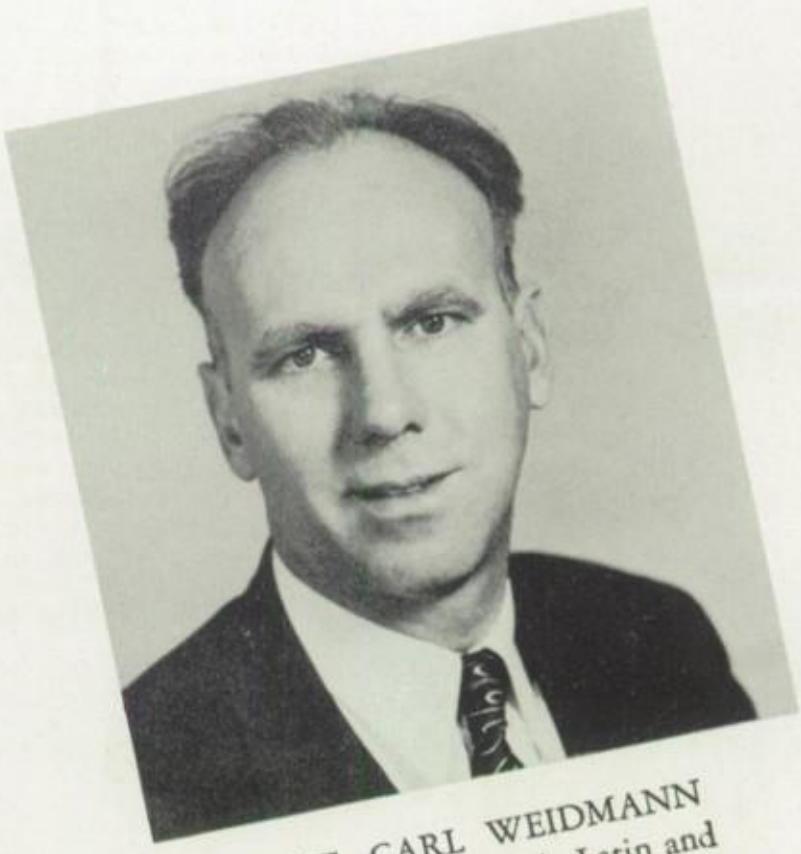
In Particular

PROF. WILBUR LUECKE
Who taught history and English in the High School and sported a gray "ten-gallon hat.



Life on Faculty Row . . . And there was some despite what we as students thought . . . We had peculiar ideas about Professors . . . No more peculiar, I suppose, than those gentlemen had of us . . . But it was quite a novelty to watch a faculty member mow the lawn, rake leaves, or wash his car . . . To find the faculty composed of human beings was quite a shock.

PROF. EMIL LUECKE
Who taught college English and humanities and emphasized enunciation in "Send Out Thy Light."



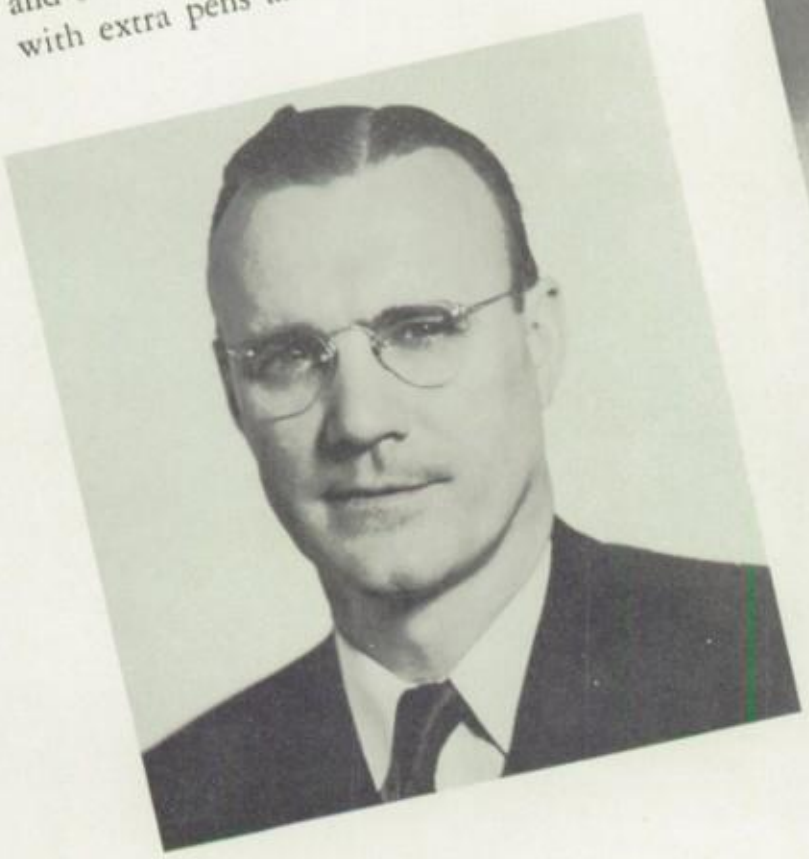
PROF. CARL WEIDMANN
Who taught Greek, Latin and religion in the High School and had a sermon for every saint.

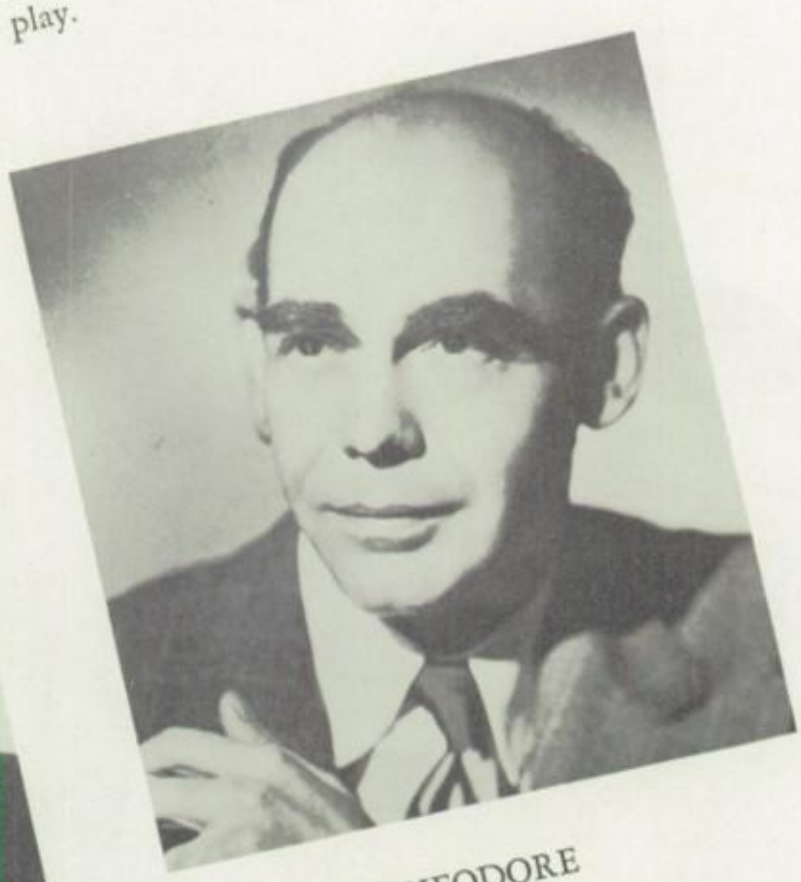
In Particular

PROF. LOUIS HEINRICHSMEYER
Who taught college German and took everyone home for cookies and carols at Christmas.

PROF. ARMIN MANNING
Who took care of college mathematics and told students that calculus and physics were child's play.

PRES. ALBERT MEYER
Who taught college religion and carried a coat pocket filled with extra pens and pencils.





DEAN THEODORE HAUSMANN
Who was the head of the college science department and fed his hamsters when he wasn't polishing his new sterilizer.

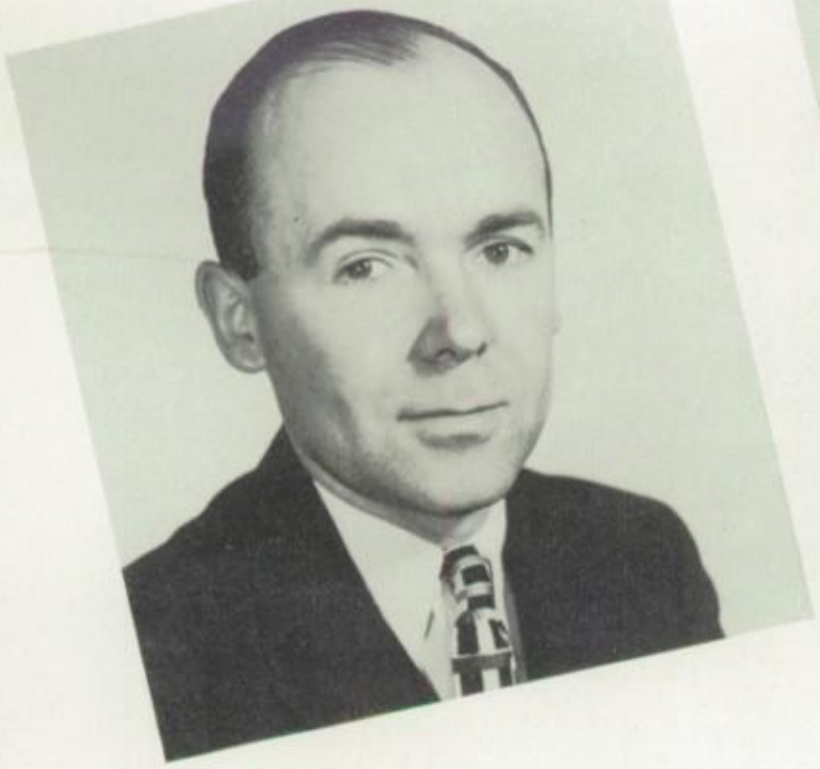
In Particular

Nobody but
particular best wishes to you!
H Grunau

PROF. HERMAN GRUNAU
Who taught college history, economics, psychology and sociology and shot snakes while tending the library.

DR. IRENE KOENIG
Who taught hygiene to the freshman co-eds and then went back to Hawthorne.

MR. ELMER DOBBERSTEIN
Who taught mathematics in the High School and had his own ideas on the subject of decorum.



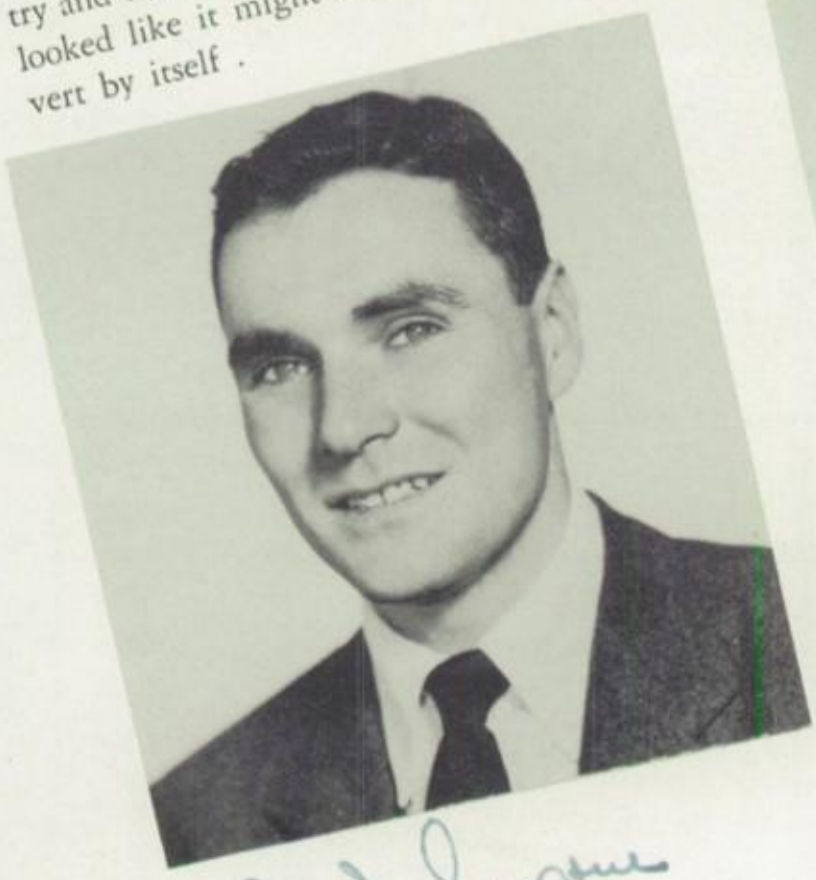
"COACH" CHRISTIAN FAHRENKRUG
Who was head of the high school science department and knew a thousand and one ways to get rich.

In Particular

PROF. HENRY PROEHL
Who taught college Greek, Latin and religion and told what seemed to be jokes—at times.

PASTOR THEODORE MOELLER
Who taught college religion and sang every Sunday morning to wake up his family.

MR. JON SUGRUE
Who taught college chemistry and drove a convertible that looked like it might soon convert by itself .



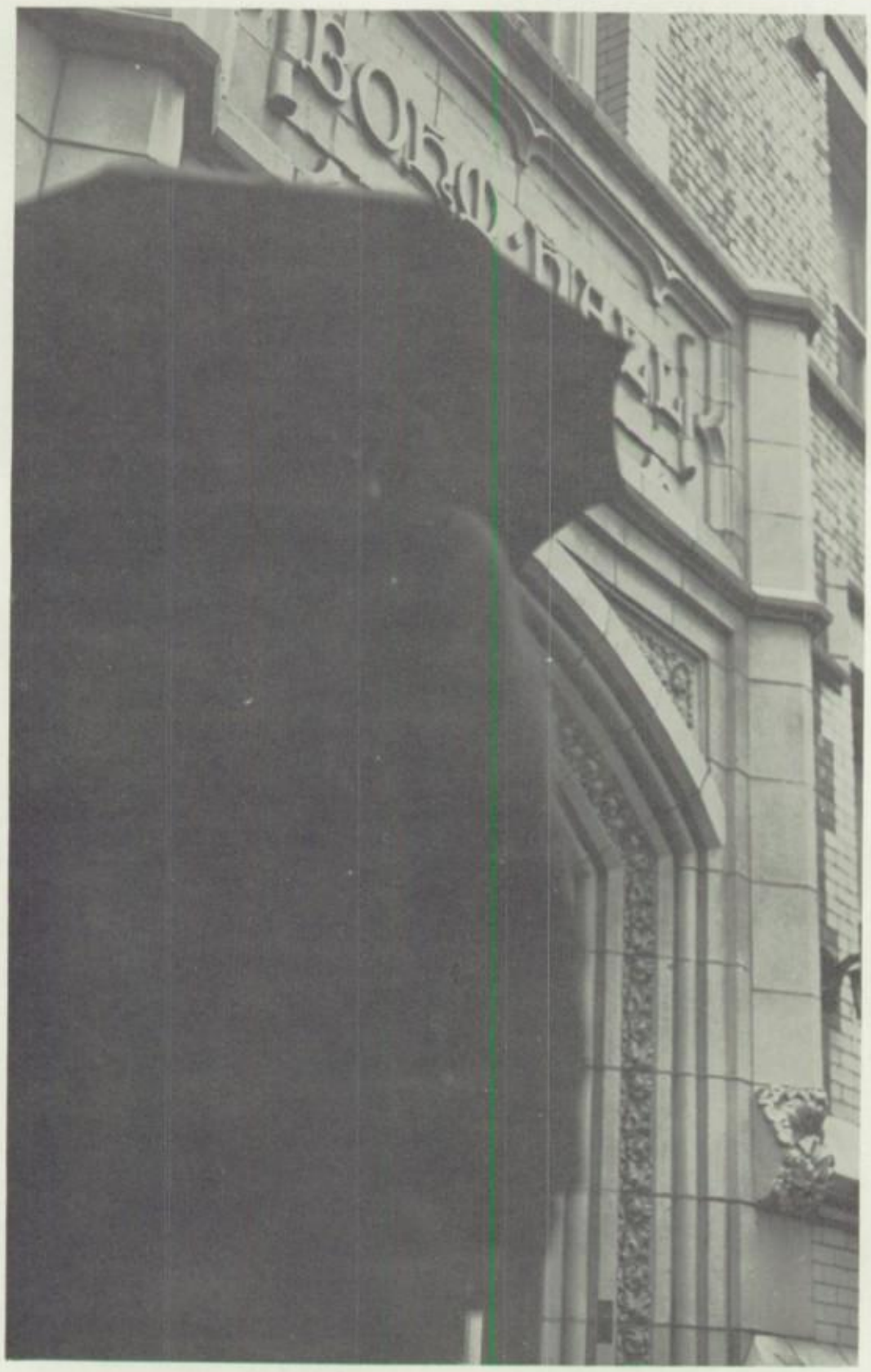
MR. FREDERIC GUTEKUNST
Who taught high school German and said, "Lass uns singen!" when he wasn't down at Hunter College.

A Rain Drop Splashed

A large wet raindrop splashed squarely on the tip of my nose. And I noticed that my umbrella was no longer over my head. Memory by memory it had tilted further and further until now the handle had assumed an almost horizontal position — and I was getting wet!

I sought shelter in nearby Bohm Hall. To save time I cut right across the lawn, and across a bare spot where no grass grew, a diagonal path, well worn by many feet, which proved that Prep School students still knew that a straight line was the shortest distance between Bohm Hall and the "Annabelle Diner," called the "bean wagon," down the road in Waverley Square.

Once inside, I began to dry off a bit. I entered a bare room with four steel beds, a dusty floor, and a green shade on the window. Then leaning against the dark wooden door, I tried for a moment to forget the dust, the day, and the emptiness. And I think I almost chuckled to myself when I remembered . . .

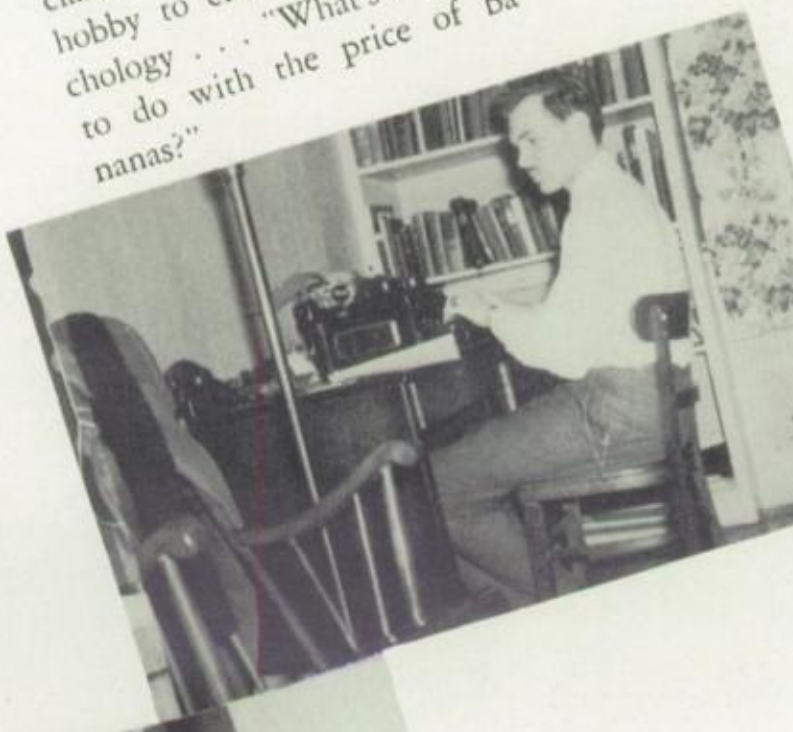


BOHM HALL

Of Necessity

MR. HAROLD HAAS
Who taught high school religion and civics . . . Covered a lot of material and kept his classes hopping . . . With a hobby to end all hobbies-psychology . . . "What's that got to do with the price of bananas?"

MR. PETER SCHROEDER
Who taught high school physics, biology, and algebra . . . And did his best to keep Bohm Hall and its contents in ship shape . . . Sporting a big black brush on his upper lip . . . "That's a phenomenon . . . a tid-bit of knowledge."



Bohm Hall well filled . . . About as dangerous as a powder keg . . . When there's a lighted fuse attached . . . They did their best to keep down the explosive potential . . . And got off with only a few minor bruises when the inevitable explosions did come . . . And in the midst of the battle managed to make "Home Sweet Home" out of a few rooms on the first floor . . . And "Bohm Sweet Bohm" out of the rest of the building.

FRESHMAN MINISTERIAL

Who had just as many bowling pins to set up, just as many windows to close in the wee, dark hours of the morning, and just as many leaves to rake as any other freshman . . . And just as much fun.

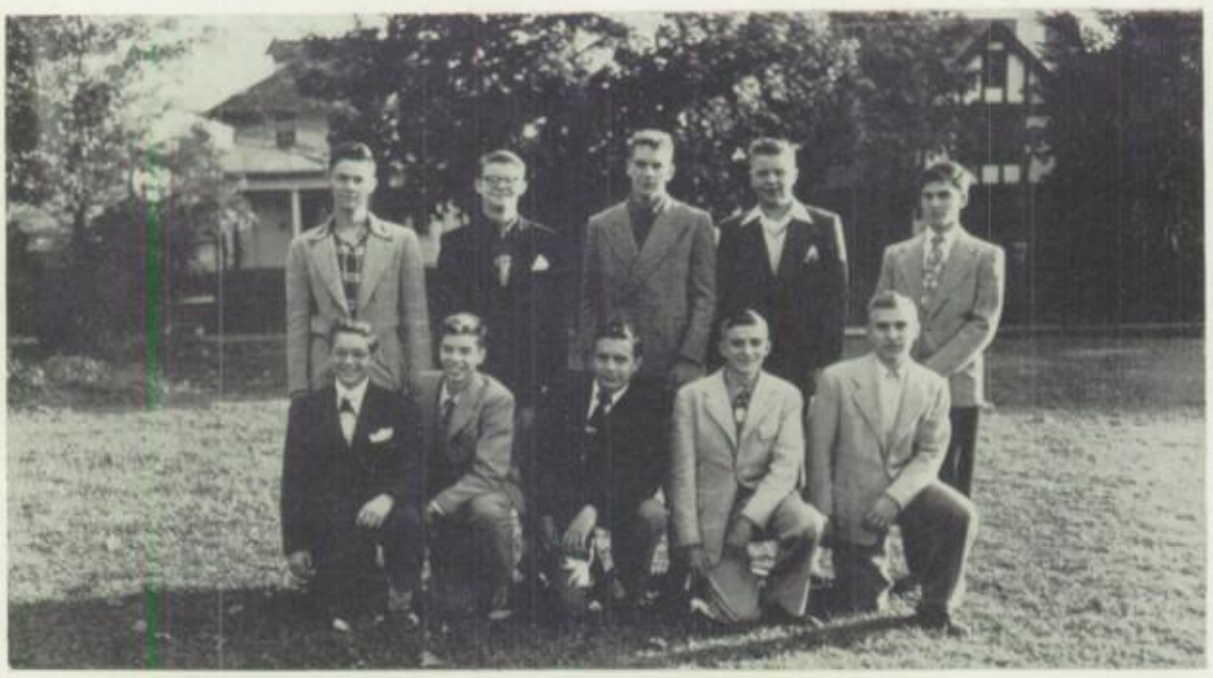
FRESHMAN ACADEMIC

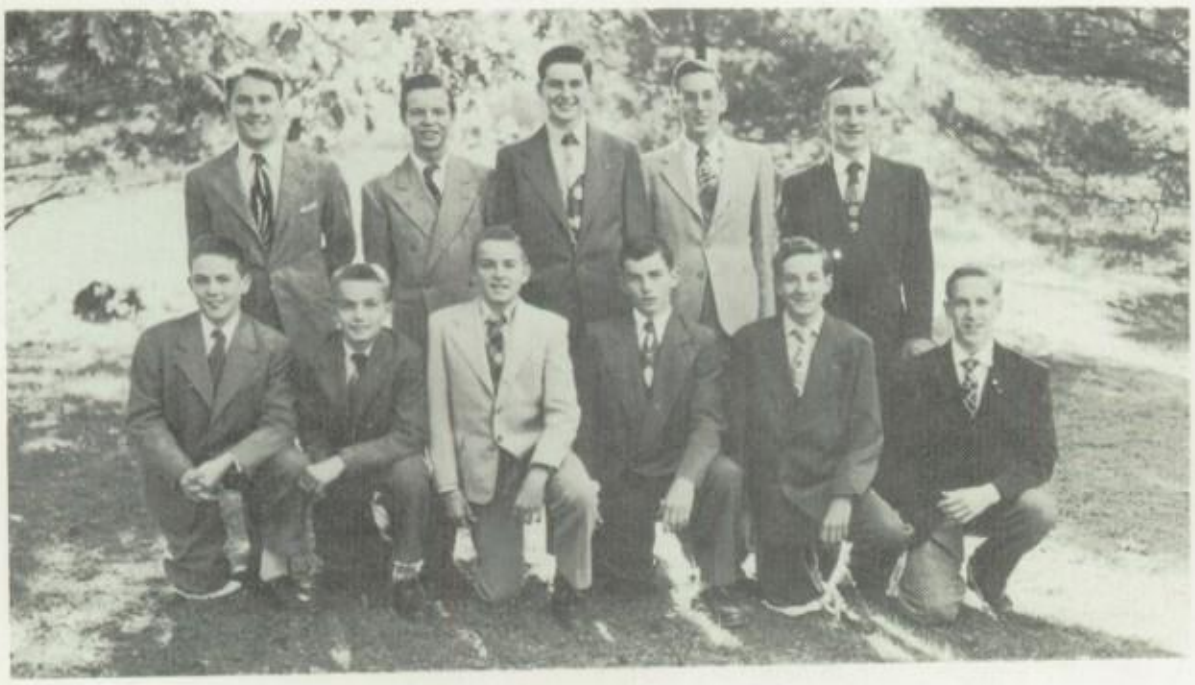
Always the underdog . . . But having a doggone good time being it . . . They boasted of having only one man among them who with a straight face could say about girls, "They bore me." . . . And I think he was kidding.

The Bottom of the Ladder

SOPHOMORE ACADEMIC

Who admitted shyly to me, that, contrary to the opinion of certain professors, they were the best class in the high school . . . After dissecting a dog in Biology and living through it, maybe!





SOPHOMORE
MINISTERIAL

A little less freedom than the juniors . . . And less responsibility than the seniors . . . But no less ego than their sophomore brethren . . . And less bowling pins and open windows than their freshman friends . . . Which means they did pretty well for themselves.

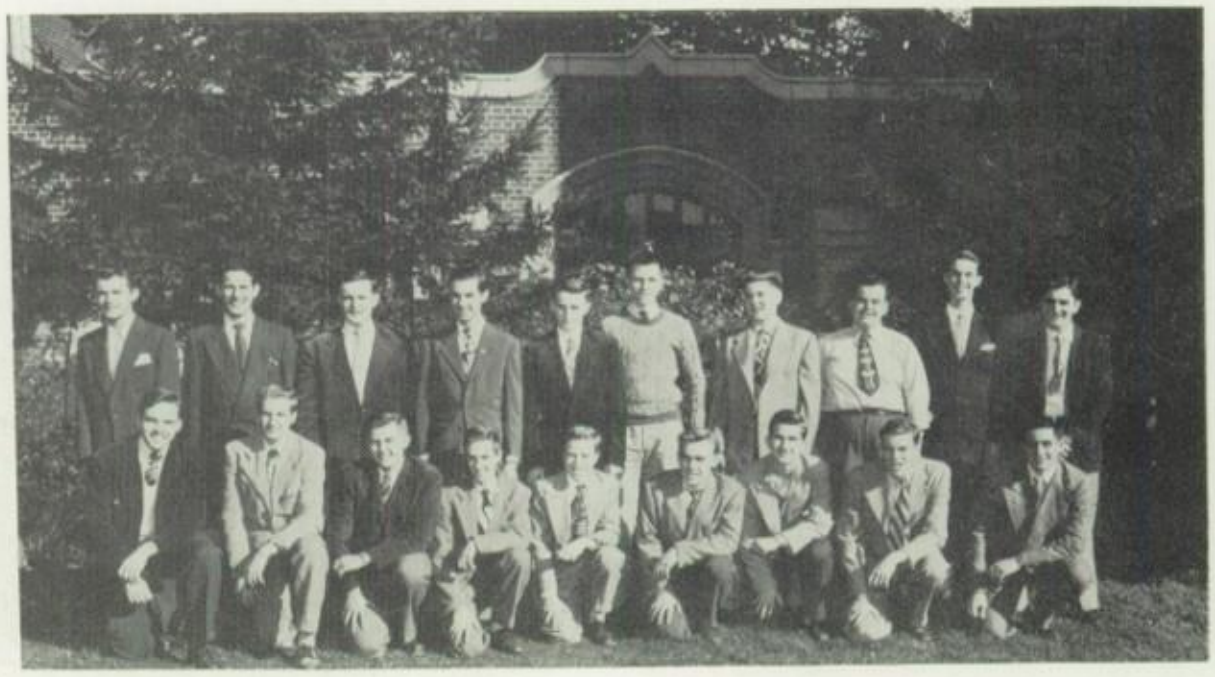
JUNIOR MINISTERIAL

Who began active combat duty in the Greek war . . . Had five huskies who, as they put it then, "knocked their brains out with the football squad" . . . While the rest just went around putting on pounds, playing pinochle . . . Or both.

On the Middle Rung

JUNIOR ACADEMIC

Complete with a Latin scholar who insisted he could decline duo in the singular . . . A wild animal hunter who specialized in skunks . . . And a balladeer who sang nothing but "My Heart Goes Where the Wild Goose Goes" . . . Well!



SENIOR MINISTERIAL

Who held nightly meetings of the Bohm Hall Cicero Translators Association . . . Considered themselves the musical division of the senior class . . . Cicero was dead . . . The music, I heard, led some to think the seniors were joining him.

Above and Beyond

SENIOR ACADEMIC

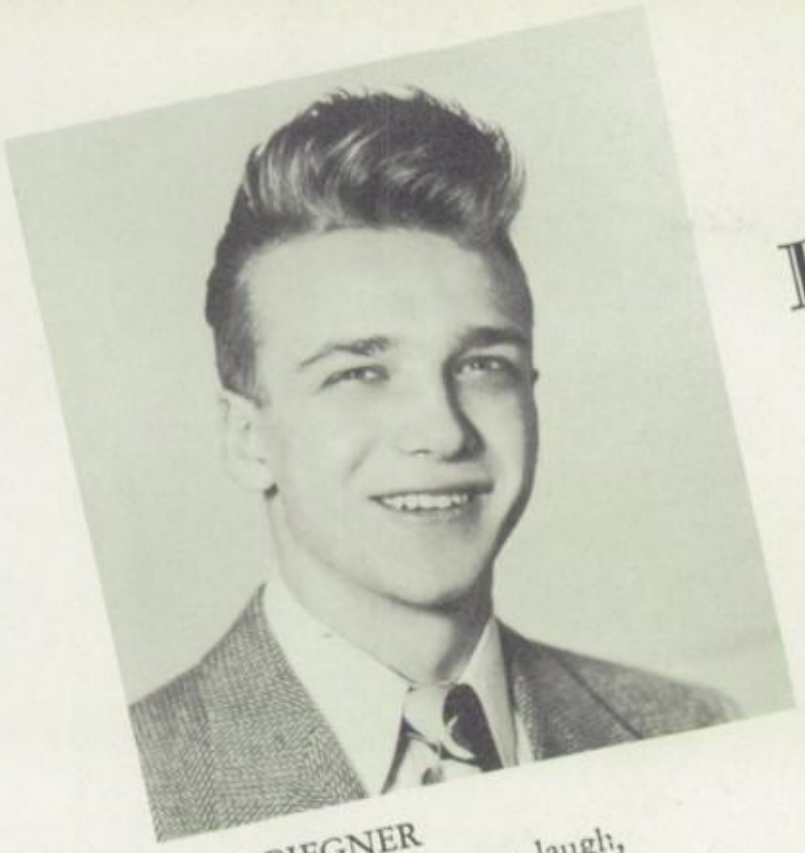
Who had a first period class every morning . . . And a classmate who walked in fifteen minutes late every first period . . . Two or three bothered no one . . . One or two bothered everyone . . . The rest bothered only freshmen.

Gentlemen All

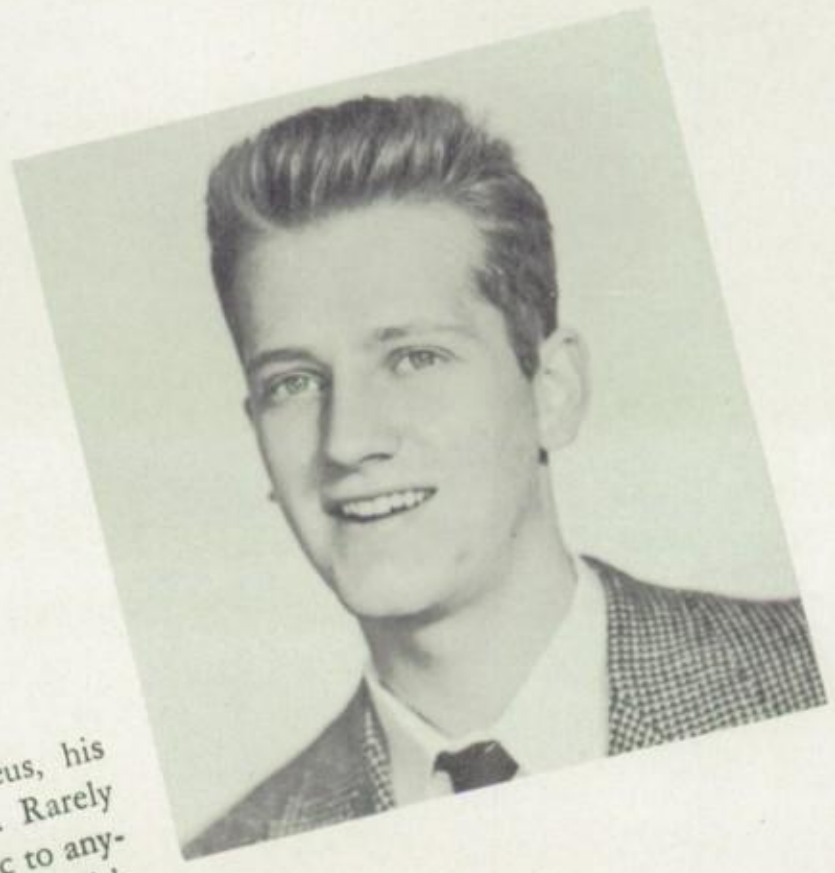
Be It Ever So Humble

And out of this world of books, football games, and bladeless razors stepped the following honorable gentlemen . . . Into a new world that had no freshman to do a senior's chores . . . Half glad, half sad at parting.

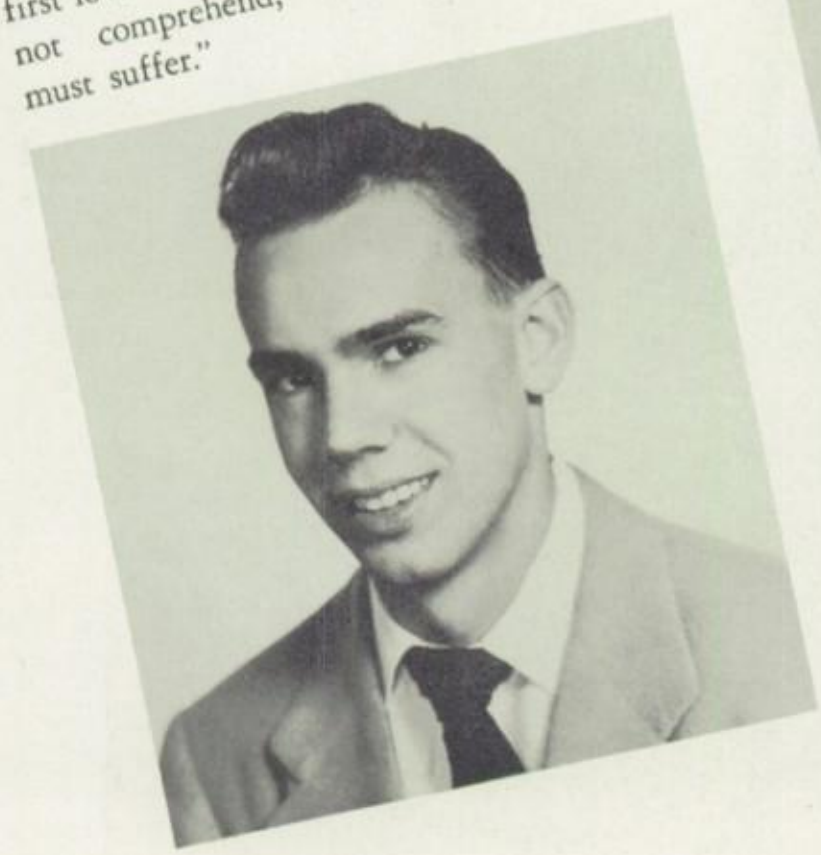
Diploma Bound



PAUL BIEGNER
"Biegie" . . . Never a laugh, but a cackle . . . "Now, take the girls in Mt. Vernon" . . . "Don't be bitter; acrimony availeth naught."



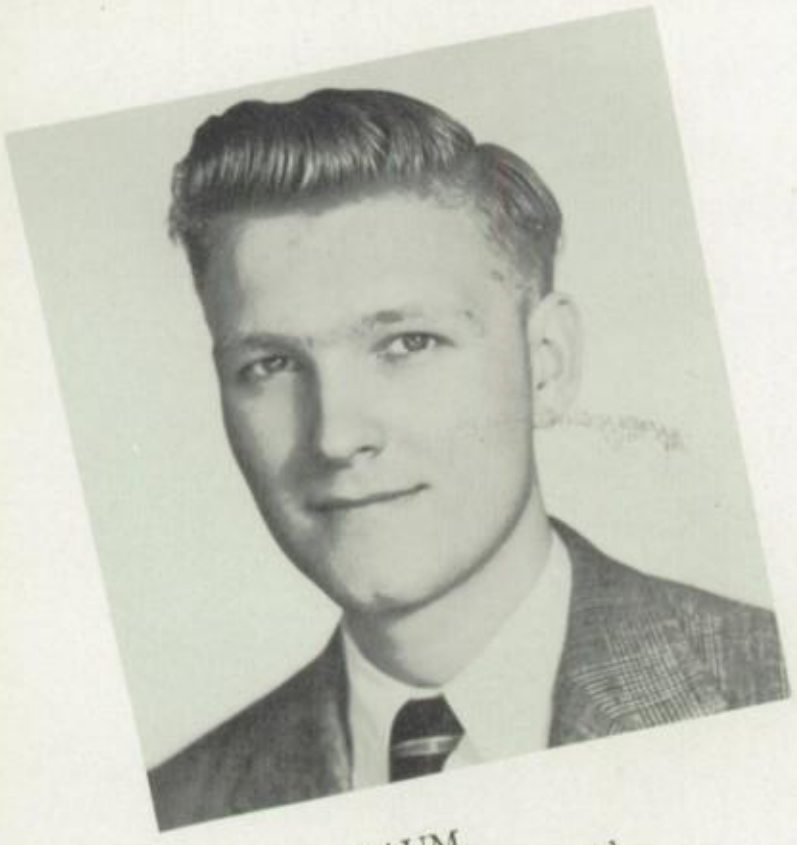
WILLIAM BISCHOFF
"Bisch" . . . Morpheus, his genial companion . . . Rarely serious . . . "I'm allergic to anything that has to do with Cicero."



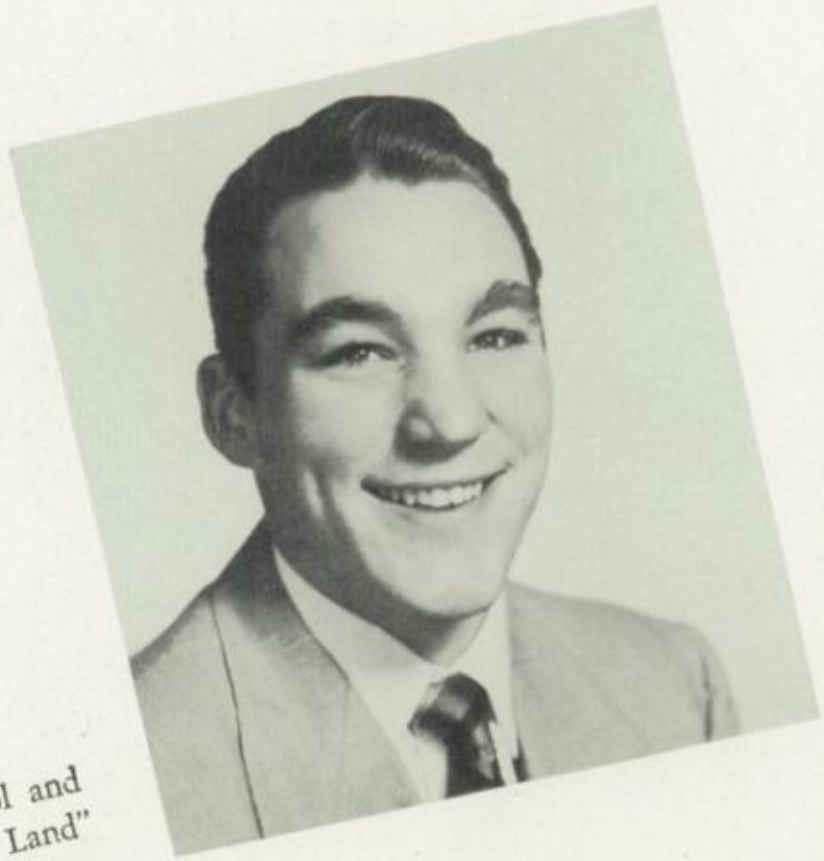
BRUCE BOHUNY
"Yatch" . . . The best-dressed in English IV . . . Baseball his first love . . . "If the mind does not comprehend, the body must suffer."

KURT BLUNCK
"Killer" . . . Delivering his papers before Physics . . . "Buy a violin or get a haircut" . . . And a motorcycle held all that.

Diploma Bound

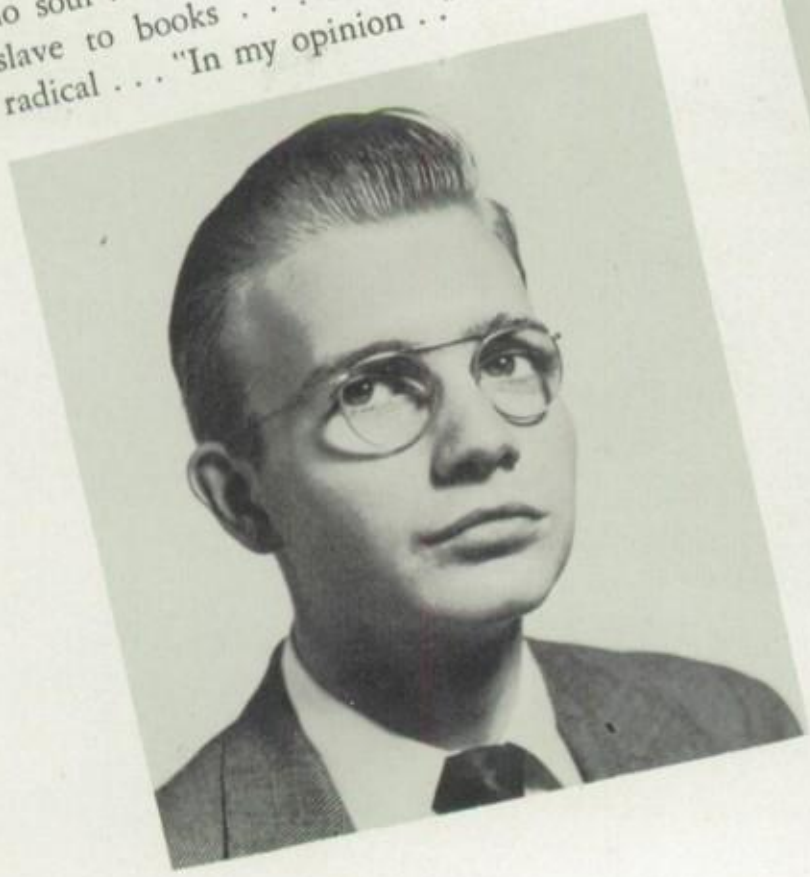


RICHARD DAUM
"Dickie" . . . Silence is golden" . . . Possessor of incomparable giggle . . . Authority on garlic, onions and the "F" bus.



RICHARD DUERR
"Omar" . . . Calm, cool and collected . . . "Dixie Land" lover . . . An athlete's athlete . . . "If it's got vitamins in it, I don't want it."

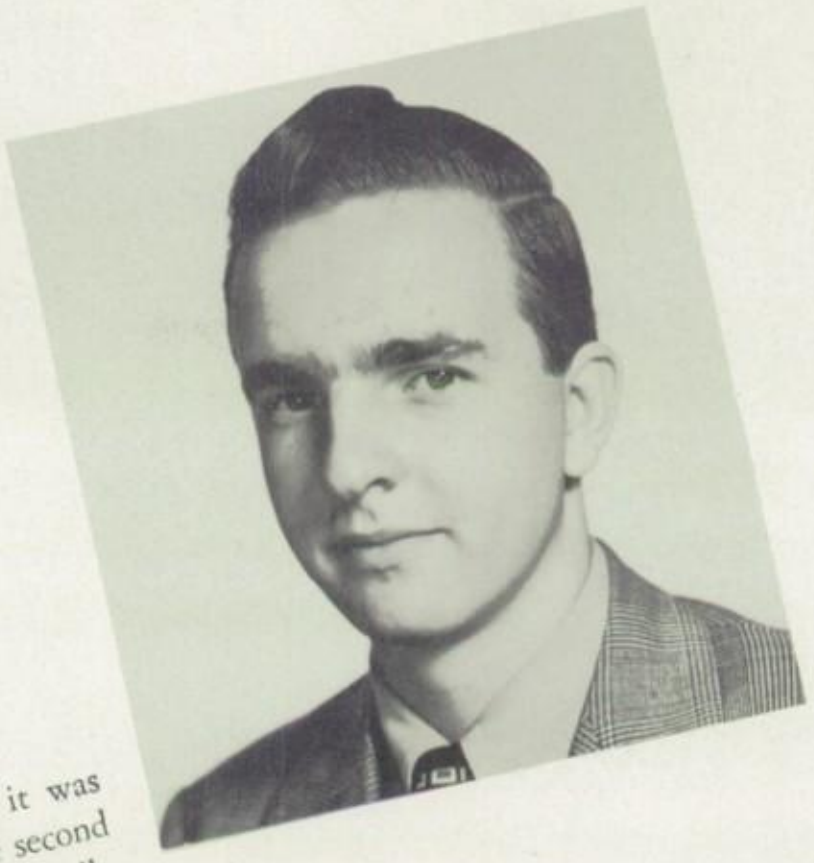
ARTHUR GRONBACH
"Art" . . . Be-bop glasses, but no soul . . . Friend, but not a slave to books . . . Resolute radical . . . "In my opinion . . ."



ARTHUR GEISS
"Gus" . . . Loquacious . . . "Get this room cleaned!" . . . Cute numbers in Bayside . . . "You name it, I'll feed it."

Diploma Bound

WERNER HAUSLER
"Stumper" . . . the loudest things come in the smallest packages . . . Hustler . . . Verbose . . . "It's easy to get in the Guard; but try to get out!"



HERBERT HOLZ
"Woody" . . . When it was his night to inspect, the second floor was clean . . . The walking cigarette factory with a grin for every "grubber" . . . And sometimes a cigarette.

JOHN KRAUSS
"John" . . . Team manager . . . Gum, oranges, and team spirit . . . "Women, fooie!" . . . "What you need is some antihistamine."

THOMAS JENSEN
"Red" . . . Clown with pounds . . . Facial expressions beyond words . . . "Give 'im the double whammy!"

Diploma Bound

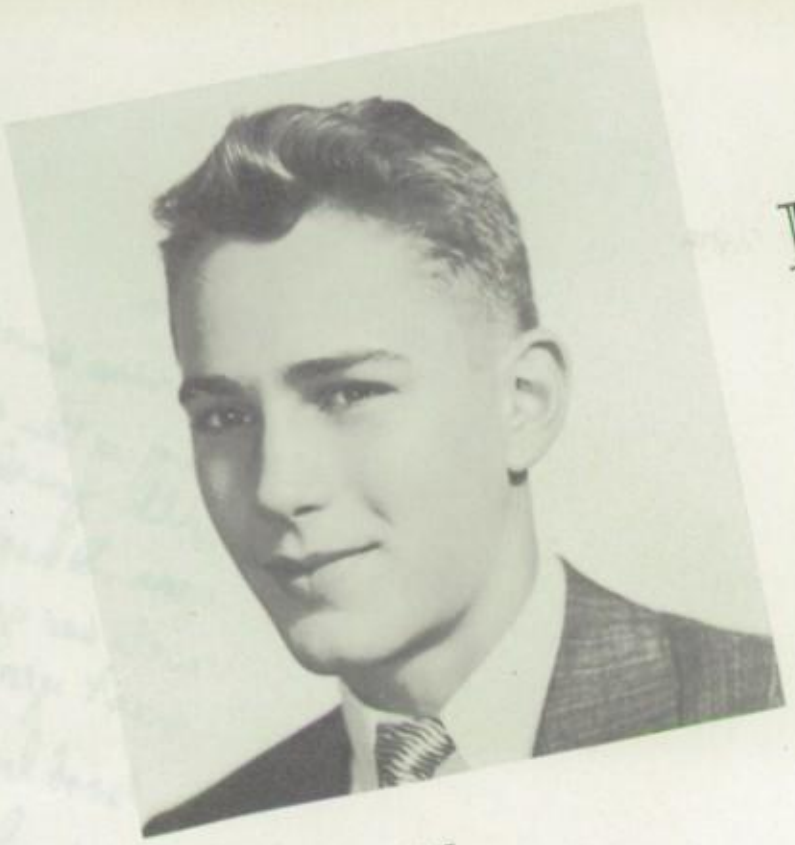
ROY KREUGER
"Grem" . . . Buffalo Bison . . . Poker-face . . . The Waverly Kid . . . Canasta, movies, and Westerns . . . "Where's my letter?"

RALPH KRUGER
"Otto" . . . Twenty laps for a cigar . . . Wellsville colloquialisms . . . Nocturnal vigils with "Mook" . . . "Go ahead, call her up. She's free tonight."

HUBERT KEUTER
"Hubie" . . . Humor with a German accent . . . Track . . . Small, but strong . . . Language courses preferred, like German for instance . . . "I need something to eat."

JACK MUNRO
"Mook" . . . Food via Bronxville girls . . . "There's a certain army post in Carlisle" . . . The nonchalant man of letters . . . 'Do you dare me?"

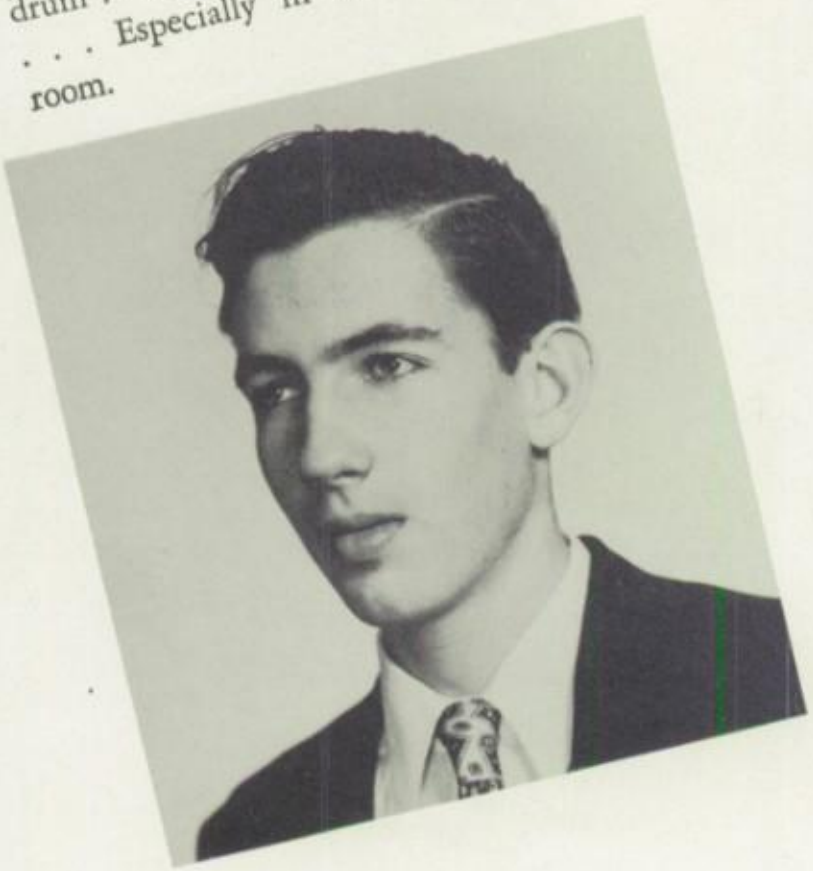
Diploma Bound



HERMAN OTTEN
Pessimist . . . Three helpings not enough . . . Speed merchant . . . Conversation with both hands . . . "Those darn Romans."

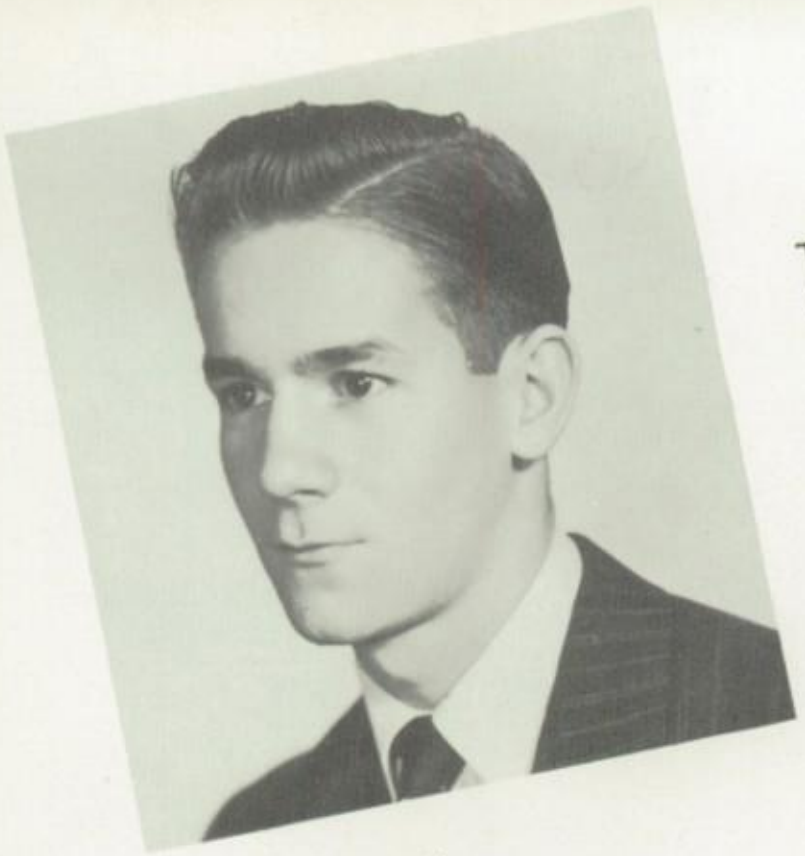
ROBERT PRAIS
"Jack" . . . Shortstop extraordinary . . . Beethoven, Brahms, and Shakespeare . . . "This is positively the last time!" . . . "Now, in my freshman year . . ."

DAVID SCHILDWACTER
"Dave" . . . Practical joker . . . Reckless . . . "Gold Dust Fever" . . . The roughest job in a parade, carrying the bass drum . . . Resigned to his fate . . . Especially in the classroom.



RICHARD SCHALL
"Schmalz" . . . Reticent or boisterous as his mood dictated . . . Who caught up on his reading via comic books.

Diploma Bound



JACK SCHMIDT
"Jack" . . . Hides behind quietness . . . "Cleveland's the only team in the league" . . . Highly erratic . . . Timid . . . "I'm tired."

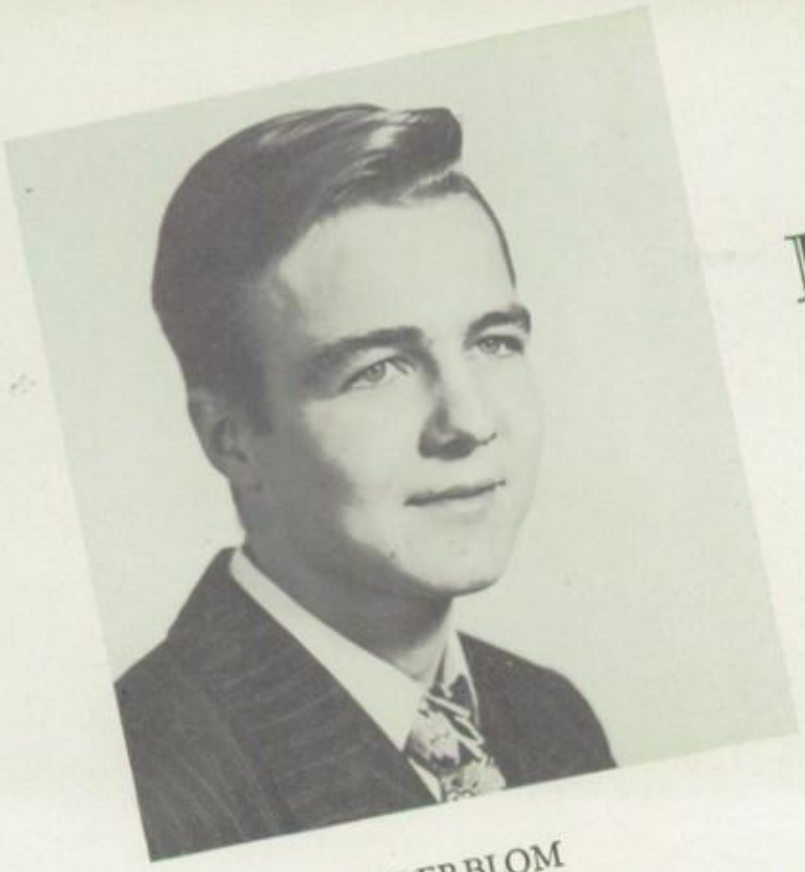
Norma,
It was swell being in the choir with you this year. I hope we'll see you next year
Good luck
Hank

HENRY SCHRIEVER
"Hank" . . . Amiable High School Student Body President . . . Second Woody Herman . . . Opera in Dixieland . . . Indomitable will-power . . . "I'm always getting stuck with something."

ROBERT SIMIS
"Bob" . . . Undaunted . . . Scholar without effort . . . Unofficial basketball scorer . . . Orations unlimited . . . Hidden humor . . . "There's a 'Why' for everything!"

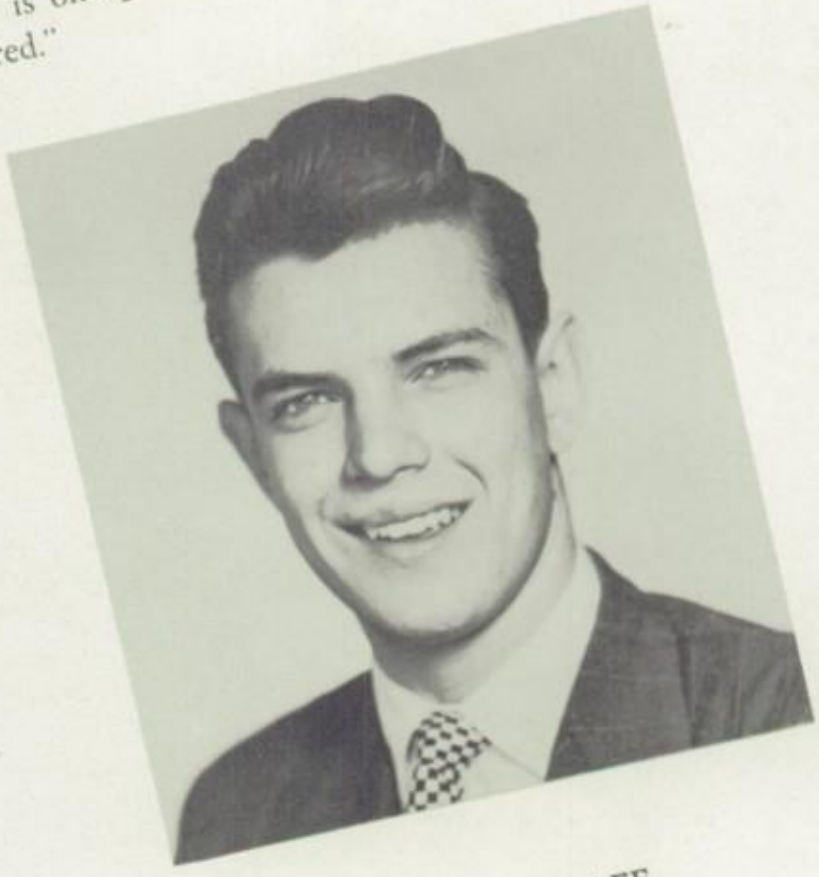
RICHARD SKOV
"Dick" . . . Silent yet humorous . . . An ardent student and an active athlete . . . Summer jobs in Lutherland . . . "Don't be afraid, pop 'im!"

Diploma Bound

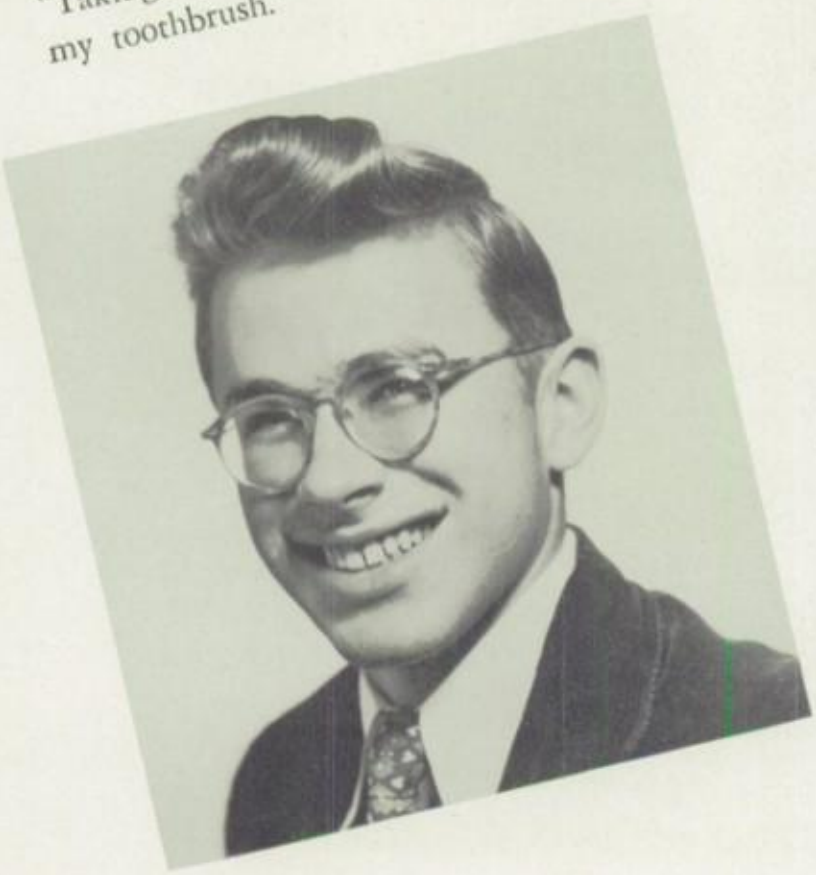


CHARLES SODERBLOM
"Charlie" . . . Indolent . . . Capable . . . Deliberate but dynamic . . . "Anybody want my book?" . . . Butts and Pepsi . . . "My bovine friends in Durham."

WILLIAM STODDARD
"Bill" . . . Trend toward philosophy . . . The National Guard was blessed with him . . . Humorous satire . . . Thoreau . . . "Life is one process of getting tired."



CARL THRUN
"Nicodemus" . . . Slave of the "pep pill" . . . "Snap to it Luigi" . . . Monotonous laughter . . . "Taking a puff is just like using my toothbrush."



ARTHUR TETZLAFF
"Art" . . . Man-mountain with interest in the fairer sex . . . "Tap-in" artist . . . Pranks in the back of the room . . . Lacadaisical.

Norma
Best wishes for
your continued success
at C.C.I.
Paul

Diploma Bound

PAUL WAGNER
"Waggie" . . . Who always acquired the maximum from the minimum . . . Unruffled . . . Junebug . . . Duets with Hank in the shower.

ERWIN WILKENS
"Skip" . . . Gay blade . . . Affable . . . Little troubles with Greek . . . The perpetual "grubber" . . . Sociable . . . Virile . . . The Boston Red Sox . . . "Men prefer blondes."

RICHARD WISCHHUSEN
"Wisch" . . . Bashful, unique humor . . . "Who could be blessed with better room-mates?" . . . Pseudo-German accent. . . "A walk is as good as a hit."

Well, I Never!

A Truck Rumbled

A truck rumbled by on the highway outside. My umbrella, propped up in a corner of the room, slipped to the floor, and the handle hit with a sharp crack, waking me from my day dream. I was back again in the bare room with the four steel beds. And I was not pleased.

I left soon afterwards, walked the length of the long hall, descended the stairs to the damp basement, and turned left into the blacker darkness of the short tunnel that dug its way from Bohm Hall to the gymnasium.

A short time later I had emerged from the tunnel, paused for a moment to examine the trophy case in the main hall of the gym, and proceeded on through the big doors into the gymnasium proper — big, damp, and cold.

The rain was beating a tatoo on the gray sky-light. Atop it the ventilator rattled noisily. I walked over to the wall. Then leaning against it, I tried for a moment to forget the wind, the rain, and the rattling ventilator. And I think I almost chuckled to myself when I remembered. . .

The SCHOENFELD GYMNASIUM

Of Keyhole and Basket

COACH VINCENT OLSEN

Whose official capacity was Director of Physical Education . . . In which he coached high school football and college football basketball . . . When he was not playing bridge . . . Or hustling some work out of an innocent newcomer . . . Or babbling on about any subject whatsoever.

HIGH SCHOOL
BASKETBALL TEAM

Who had a fairly good year and a fairly good team . . . . . Under the wing of Coach Elmer Dobberstein . . . And Captain Dick Duerr . . By making the best possible use of their main asset, height averaging well over six feet . . . Using what in the technical jargon of an enthusiast was the "Big Three Triple Post Offense and Two-two-one Zone Defense" . . . All of which got them a spot in the Westchester County Private and Parochial Schools Tournament . . . And that's not bad.

To the smartest "kid" in
Chem Lab
Lots of luck
"Pete"

COLLEGE
BASKETBALL TEAM

Whose season was average . . .For lack of a more definitive adjective . . . It took lots of self-persuasion to get in there and fight some of those times . . . But New York State Tech took a beating . . . When the team was hot . . . And Weyermann put in thirty-four points . . . Virus X put all but six players in bed just before one conference game, even Captain Fred Heineman . . . But Coach Olsen, assisted by school nurse Petts and the "Olsen Blue Bus," always pulled them through . . . In some condition . . . And so the season went.

Dear Norma,
Thanks for the tennis matches, etc. I hope you will come up next year. I'm not conceited, I wish you the best of luck this summer in tennis and everything else, and I sincerely hope that you will be back to return next year.
Danny

THE HIGH SCHOOL
BASEBALL TEAM

Who came up with a half and half proposition at the end of the season . . . Having won seven and lost as many . . . . So no one was too unhappy . . . And Bohuny, star pitcher, was beaming . . . He wound up with six wins and three losses . . . Not bad.

Blood, Sweat, and Cheers

THE HIGH SCHOOL
FOOTBALL TEAM

Composed of forty green prep underclassmen . . And one man with varsity experience . . . All of whom did pretty well — for tenderfeet — in scrimmages with Eastchester and Children's Village . . . Won one game . . . Riverdale, six to nothing . . . Sported a broken ankle and a fractured collarbone . . . Rough.

For the Sake of Spirit

THE CHEERLEADERS

Who cheered "Team's Hot" when it was the truth and when it was only a wish . . . With Co-captains Kempf and Garttner . . . Plenty of bruises . . . Plenty of noise . . . Plenty of praise . . . And wide eyes on the bench . . . Which were not so wide but just as admiring for the four High School boys who yelled as well . . . Sometimes good, sometimes bad . . . We loved 'em all.

The basketball pep rally in the gym . . . A near riot . . And loads of fun . . . Complete with Ish Gezinte and the "official" band . . . Posters, balloons . . . Loud colors and louder noise.

THE TWIRLERS

Rainbow-hued arms of black, **blue, and green** hidden under what the gals described as "outgrown uniforms with choking collars" . . . But they brightened up a few games . . . And, I suspect, had fun in the process . . . With Captain Eleanor Wendte.

And there Was Music

THE ORCHESTRA

Who that year reorganized and surprised . . . Somehow managing to play quite well at their first appearance in the Fall Concert . . . Although those rehearsals in the Sieker Hall basement did increase the sale of asperin . . . But by hook or by crook Director Mott somehow cajoled at least half of their number into coming to those bottom floor rehearsals regularly . . . Then proceeded to produce music with a conglomeration of assorted instruments to which only we could fall heir . . . But the results are what count . . . And no one could complain.

THE CONCORDIA CHORUS

Who had quite a reputation to live up to . . . And after much rehearsal made a fairly good job of doing so . . . Appearing first in the Annual Fall Concert . . . Then providing incidental music to the Christmas play, "Send Out Thy Light" . . . The touring section . . . Who had to work extra hard . . . Sang concerts of religious music here in the East . . . Some of our best public relations workers . . . Others took time out to form the nucleus of a choir to sing in the newly constructed church across the street . . . And some went out on their own and formed a mixed octette . . . Under the inspiration, if not always the direction, of Eugene Mott, who moulded their voices into one . . . Successfully.

On Stage—And Off

THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY

Whose eager thespians gave an unusually good performance of Concordia's annual Christmas play, "Send Out Thy Light" . . . Under the direction of E. W. Luecke, the author . . . With the help of the Society's Executive Staff, Norman Dietz, president . . . Which group did most of the unsung, but very necessary, back stage jobs . . . And helped please some of the largest crowds yet to see the production . . . While behind the scenes there was the usual amount of hustle, bustle and excitement . . . Last minute rehearsing . . . Costume checking . . . Throat disks and beads of sweat . . . One last big swallow . . . And on stage!

THE ATHLETIC COUNCIL

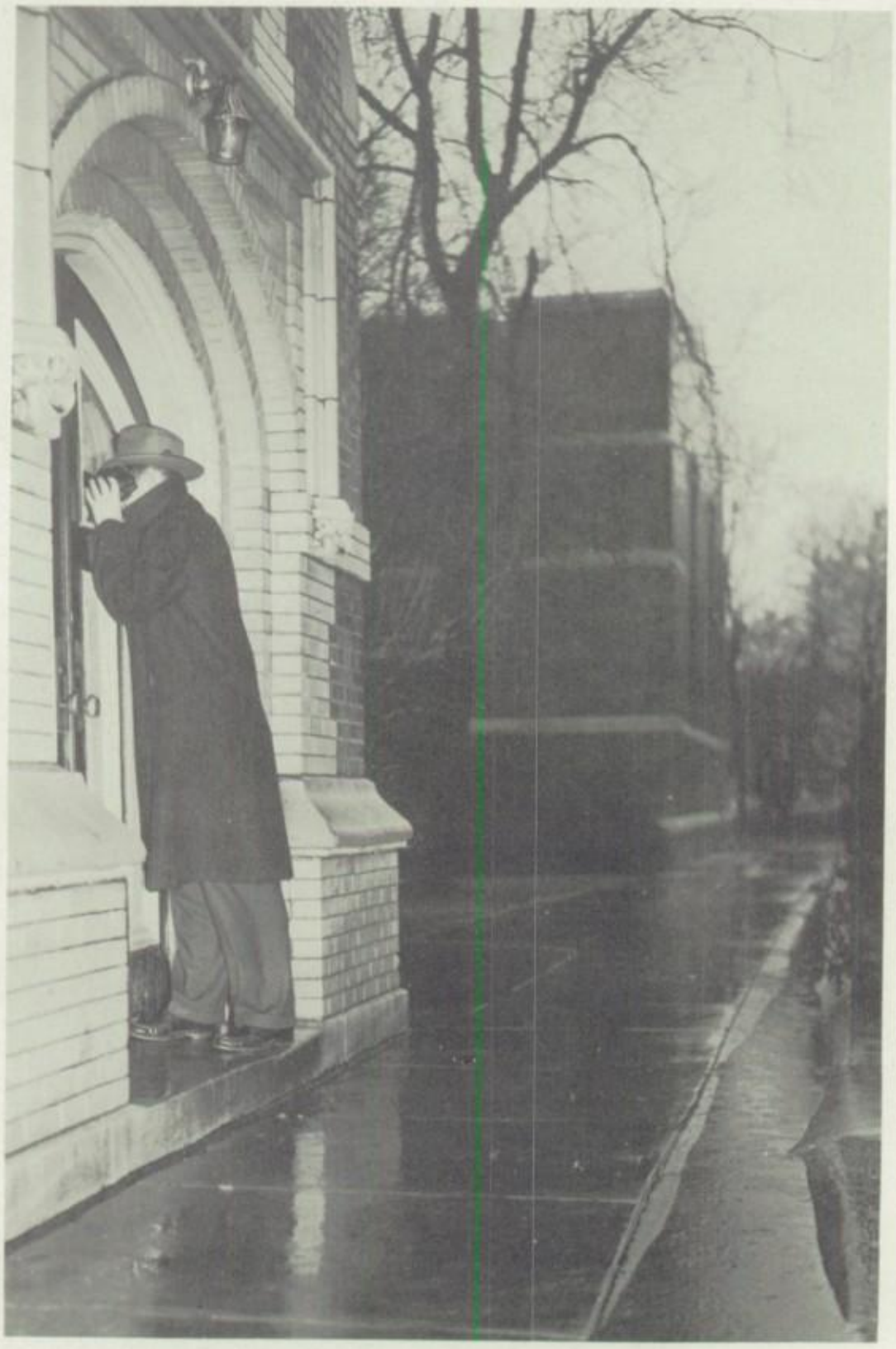
Who were the brains behind most of the sports activities around the campus . . . With Andrew Wyermann as president . . . Allocated funds to the various teams . . . Set up a student-organized intramural program . . . Revised standards for Varsity Letters . . . Under the guidance of Athletic Director Olsen . . . All of whom cooperated to engineer one of the biggest "Pep" rallies the school had seen . . . All in all, I suppose, they were what you might call, "O.K."

Just For Spite

In spite of the "Sneakers Only!" sign, I stepped brazenly onto the basketball court and headed in the direction of a small door at the rear of the building. I gave a huge pile of tumbling mats a friendly tap as I passed them. But the clouds of dust that billowed up made me cough. And I was glad when I stepped outside into the fresh air again.

The sky was brighter now than it had been, but the rain was still coming down — almost harder, it seemed, than before. So I hurried away from the gymnasium and splashed my way through the puddles toward the red brick exterior of the Dining Hall.

Its locked door prevented me from entering. So I pressed my nose against the cold glass of the small window and peered inside. There, leaning against the door, I tried for a moment to forget the lock, the glass, and the cold. And I think I almost chuckled to myself when I remembered . . .



The CAFETERIA

Day In—Day Out

Where Chef Frank Kern and Baker Bob Schurkus turned out the daily requirements . . . In a newly renovated Dining Hall . . . In which the atmosphere was no longer that of a bread-line . . . But now more like a Cinderella dream come true.. Complete with candles, ivy, and flowing wine-colored drapes . . . I don't know how anyone else felt about it . . . But I was rather pleased.

Those Better Days

When the school said "Good-bye" to President Doege and his family . . . And when the girls gave a tea for the college . . . When everyone got together to wish each other the merriest of Christmases . . . Then everyone paid tribute to the family who had lived in the president's "mansion" for so many years . . . Sipped tea and felt sophisticated . . . Cracked nuts while the Octette sang "'Twas the Night Before Christmas" . . . Those times didn't come often, perhaps . . . Or at least not often enough . . . Times when we all got together as friends . . . Students and Faculty alike . . . And just had a friendly time . . . Plus a good meal in beautiful surroundings . . . But they lent character, color, and spirit to a year that might have been very drab indeed . . . Nice times, those in the Dining Hall.

The Wind Blew

A sudden gust of wind sent a chill up and down my spine. I drew my scarf in closer around my neck. Then, turning, I set off across the lawn toward the bleary windows and wet bricks of what in our days had been the college dormitory for men — or so we had called ourselves.

As I approached the building, I noticed the concrete stairway, iron rail, and sunken basement door that had once provided entrance to the school's co-op store located there. I descended the stairs, looked in, found everything — even the cash register and the "juke box" — still there, and, having been brought to my senses by a hearty sneeze, lost no time in reaching the comparative warmth of Sieker Hall.

I managed to find my old room lurking among the shadows inside and, having shed my coat, I dropped down on a bed there to rest. Then gazing out through the tear stained window at a row of wet nodding evergreens, I tried for a moment to forget the present with its chills and shadows. And I think I almost chuckled to myself when I remembered. . . .

SIEKER HALL

MR. ERIC WILDGRUBE
Who taught high school Greek and Latin . . . When he wasn't patrolling the outlying districts of his domain in Sieker Hall . . . The little man with big shoulders . . . Quiet and serious . . . "Good night!"

Of Papa and Mama

MISS FRANCIS PETTS, R.N.
Who doled out "horse" pills, bandages and cough syrup . . . To any one who looked as though he had a complaint . . . And did even more good for humanity with her sympathetic touch . . . And motherly morale-building counsel . . . Darting here, there and everywhere . . . To keep the school under control . . . Which, of course, was no job at all for her.

If people shyed away from Mr. Wildgrube because he represented law and order . . . At least in theory . . . Then they ran with open arms to Miss Petts . . . Because she represented femininity . . . And there was no theory about it . . . Yet it took the two of them to keep Sieker Hall under control . . . Each had certain individual and undeniable powers . . . As for the stronger . . . Posterity will decide.

MR. EUGENE MOTT

Who taught voice in the music studio, directed the choir in the gym, and conducted the Sieker Hall orchestra and band in the basement . . . Whence came strains of beautiful music weekdays at three-thirty in the afternoon . . . A moustache and a big cigar . . . To top it all off, an almost perpetual smile.

By Force of Circumstances

MRS. ELLEN ANDERSON

Who taught piano, organ, and music appreciation to both High School and College . . . And was a font of culture for thirsty and not-so-thirsty minds . . . After moving from room to room she finally settled by force of circumstances in the basement of Sieker Hall . . . Even culture seeps into odd places.

The music department was always lost . . . It wandered from building to building searching for home . . . Poor Mr. Mott had to have orchestra rehearsals in an oversize closet in the basement . . . The same place where Mrs. Anderson tried will all her power to imbue us with some musical culture . . . Both seemed to pull through the ordeal in the best possible shape . . . Some students did not fare as well.

The Yearlings

FRESHMAN ACADEMIC

Who had in their midst a number of specialists . . . Two who wired their room so the lights would go out when a faculty member opened the door . . . One who hitch-hiked all the way to Michigan and back . . . And one who fell over the railing at Ressmeyer Hall . . . Poor soul.

FRESHMAN MINISTERIAL

Who used to sing like a fog-horn . . . Sit for hours in the piano room and play every song written . . . With only three chords, too . . . Who sang "Old Rattler" to the accompaniment of a rusty guitar . . . And cut hair for thirty-five cents.

SOPHOMORE ACADEMIC

Who talked in high Yiddish voices . . . And sometimes bass Texas drawls . . . Depending on their mood . . . Slept all afternoon and stayed awake half the night . . . Came out of Physics lab with dejected looks on their faces . . . Played cards and basketball.

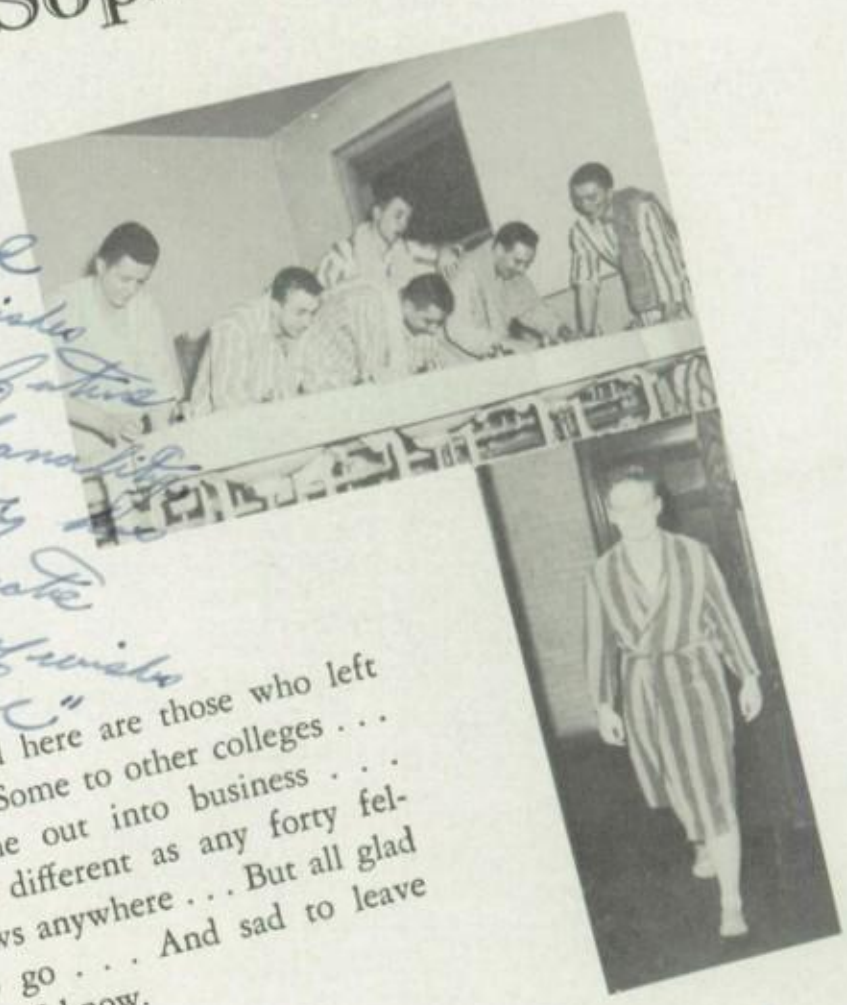
SOPHOMORE MINISTERIAL

Who didn't like it at all to have to wear ties and coats . . . But wore them later without complaint . . . Who made Milton Berle their idol . . . And took weekly trips to the Inner Mission in the city . . . When not giving chapel sermons . . . Or arguing about the Missouri Synod.

And Older Stock

The Sophomore Male

WILLIAM BOEHLER
Whose ties always told of his last meal . . . "Pearshape" . . . Immovable when his mind was made up . . . Once almost spoke to a co-ed—once almost



Dear Norma,
Good luck and the best of wishes in the near future. Excuse the handwriting but this writing became automatic
Best of wishes
"Bill"

And here are those who left . . . Some to other colleges . . . Some out into business . . . As different as any forty fellows anywhere . . . But all glad to go . . . And sad to leave . . . I know.

NORMAN DIETZ
"Dinky" . . . Concord feature stories . . . A million ideas . . . "Just checking" . . . "Ish Gezinte" . . . The Octette director . . . "Kill them all!" . . . "Life is but a stage."

Dear Norma,
I could say
Luck and
enjoy your
Don't
Make luck
something
is coming
with
world
Enjoy don't
Enjoy your
Politicians
make you
Bob

ROBERT DEADY
"Mrs. Deady's little son, Bob" . . . Science Fiction . . . A line a yard wide and a mile long . . . Philosophic bull sessions . . . "Hasn't anybody got a butt?"

The Sophomore Male

ADOLPH DRACHENBERG
"Al" . . . With a pointed comment for almost any situation . . . Who had a long vacation in Alaska . . . While the Army thought he was working.

HERBERT DRACHENBERG
Who had an incurve, a drop, and trouble finding the plate . . . Barbells . . . "Rec Room" Committee . . . "There will be no Chapel House movies tonight."

CHARLES ERTMANN
The last of the "Arabs" . . . With bubbling effervescence . . . And "Tootsie" . . . The Valentine must fit the personality . . . "My Lord, I pray—" . . . "Hey, Sid!"

PHILIP ERNST
Whose tenor voice tried hard . . . In the choir and the trio . . . With chocolate covered peanuts, gum, and a gift subscription to Esquire . . . "Down Home in Cordova . . ."

The Sophomore Male

ROBERT FINDLAY

Who was in the sack from two to six . . . At least in the afternoon . . . Brooklyn Dodger who like spaghetti and meatballs . . . Who laughed like a horse . . . Had a matching appetite.

EDWARD GALLERT

"Tex" . . . "Now back in South Jersey, by George!" . . . "Wake up, kid! You can't sleep with the lights on!" . . . And when he was in the room, that was just about it.

WILLIAM HAUSMANN

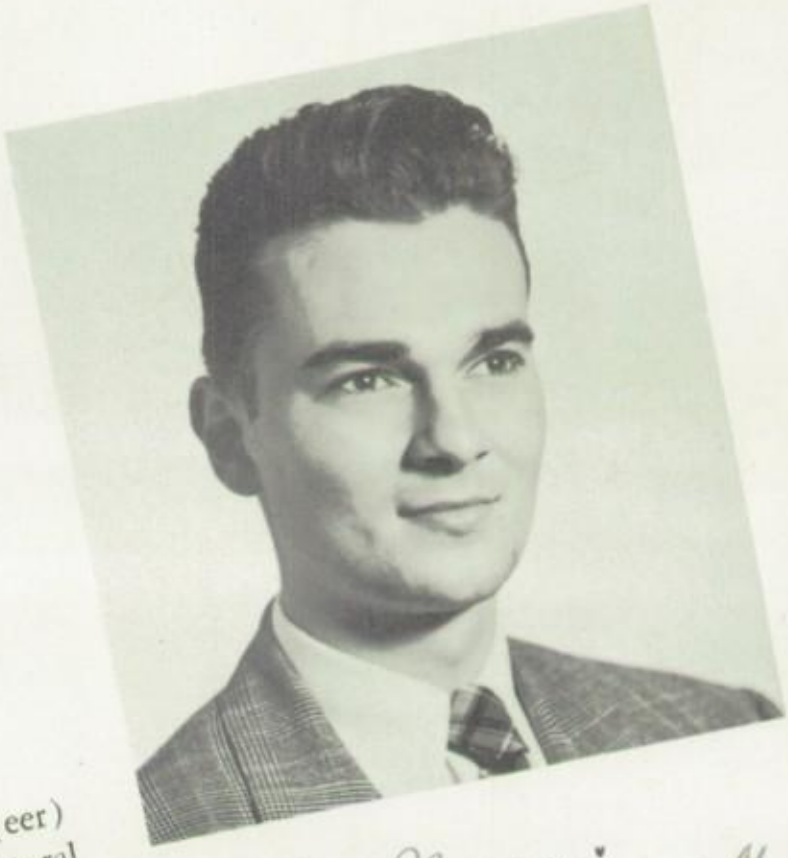
"Bullet" . . . Who idolized Crosby, imitated Jolson, sounded like Godfrey . . . Or Lassie, perhaps . . . "Student Co-ordinator of Music" . . . Basketball manager . . . "All right, you guys!"

WILLIAM HAIN

"Bit" . . . Intramural basketball star . . . Hockey and duck hunting . . . Strong and silent . . . Or at least silent . . . Weekends at home . . . Weekday afternoons in bed . . . Snoring.

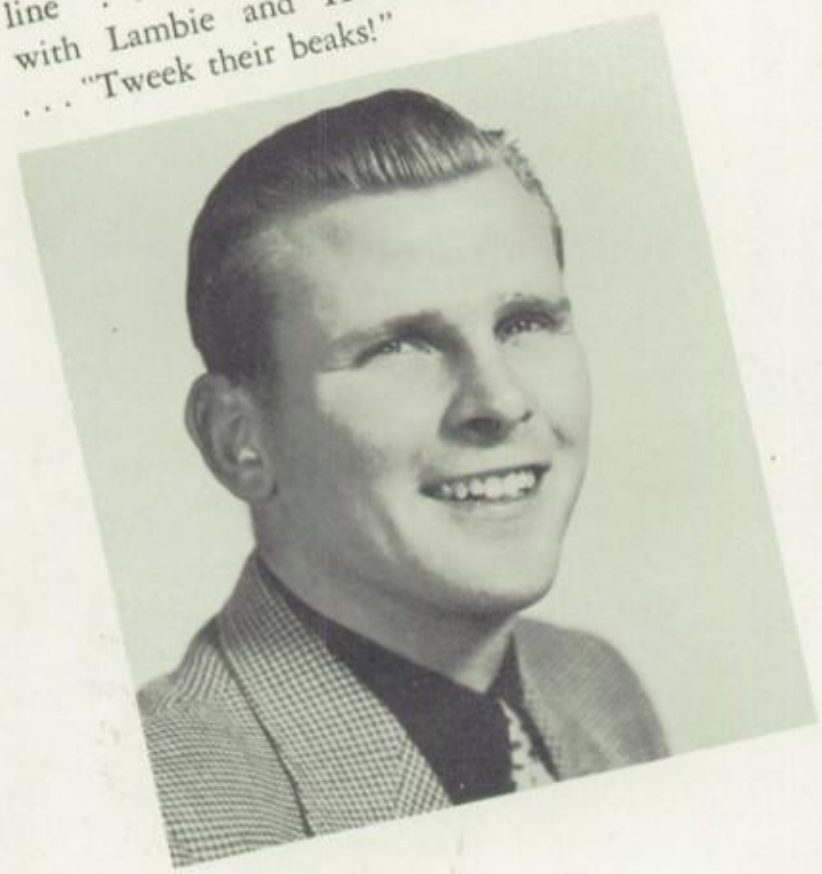
The Sophomore Male

FRED HEINEMAN
"Fritz" . . . Captain of the College Basketball Team . . . Class comedian . . . All around athlete . . . Half hearty interest in Ressmeyer Hall . . . "Check that!"



JOHN HERWEH
Waverly wedges and B(eer) asketball with his intramural team . . . Big Game hunter . . . Never without his pipe . . . "Wanna put on the gloves?" . . . No.

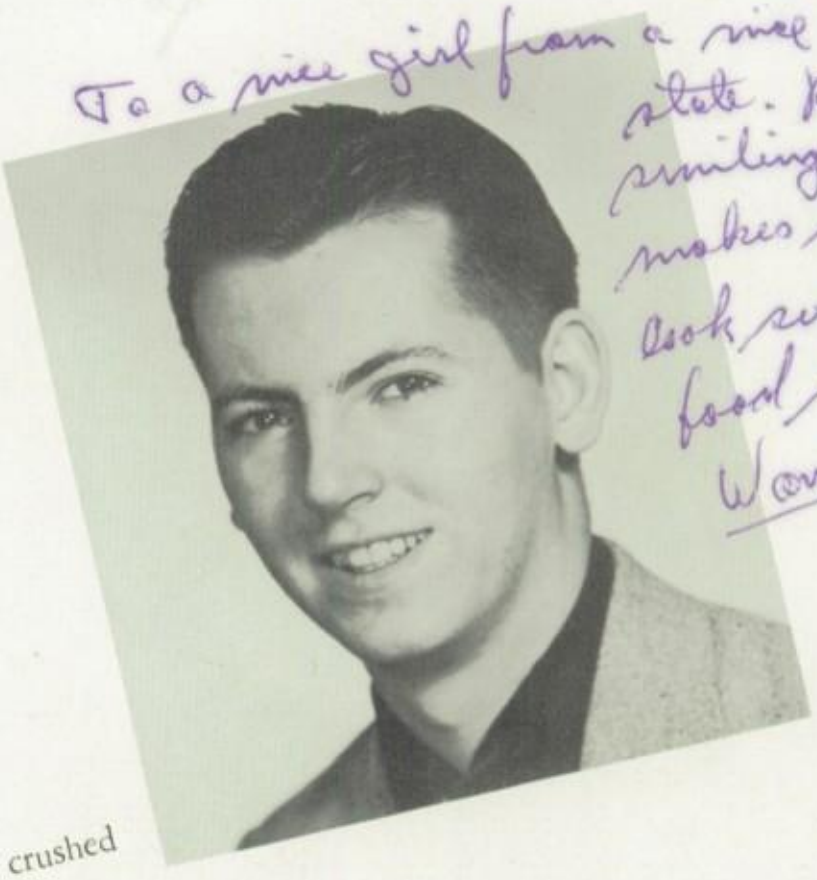
JOHN JUNGEN
"Little John" . . . Went to N.Y.U. in January . . . Vet with a new Dodge . . . Whose huge frame helped "hold that line" . . . Slugging sessions with Lambie and Heineman . . . "Tweek their beaks!"



GORDON JOHNSTON
"Specs" . . . Faithful handicraft teacher at the Inner Mission . . . Conscientious . . . Smooth intramural ball playing . . . "Has anybody seen my German Dictionary?"

The Sophomore Male

EVERETT KALIN
Who kept the religion club under control . . . And was host to the Milton Berle Fan Club and its Tuesday meetings . . . "Where are those Concord articles?" . . . "What da hey!"



WARREN KLEIN
"Tiger" . . . Poor crushed victim of many "luckies" . . . Chemistry medal . . . Peanuts and cokes . . . His next weekend at the "Coop" his first . . . "I wanna chem test!"

PAUL KOEHN
"Coon" . . . Charlie McCarthy had nothing on his "Digga Grave" . . . Everybody's friend . . . Studious and witty . . . Captained an intramural basketball team . . . "Careful now!"

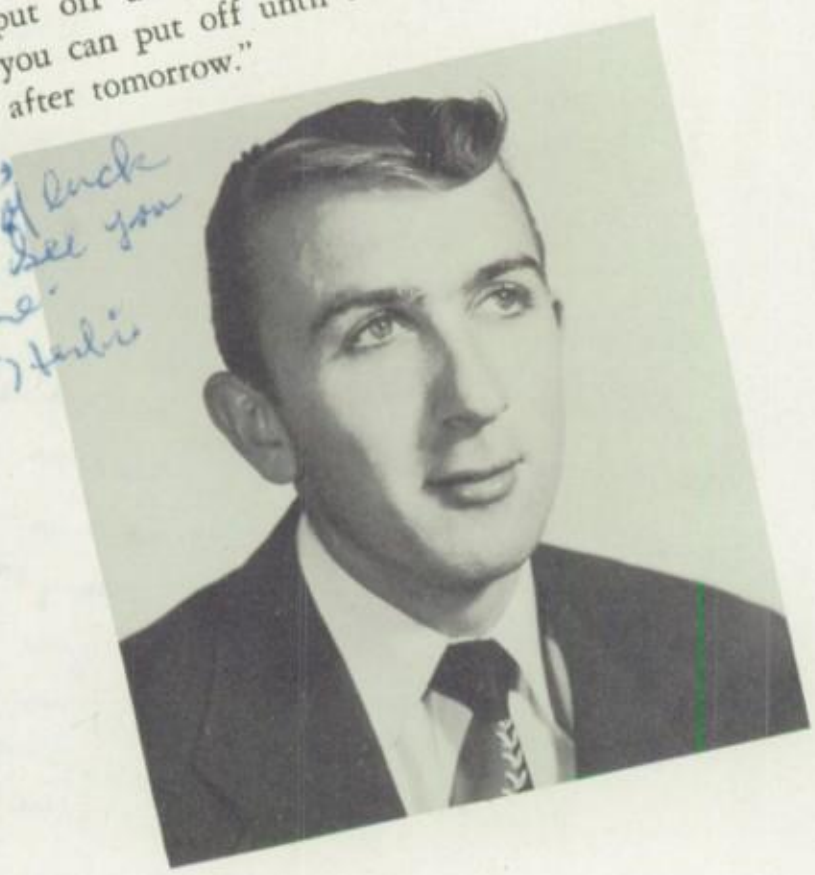
STEPHEN KORINKO
"Staf" . . . Fats spelled backwards . . . Aspiring philosopher-poet . . . "There is no room!" . . . Who did his best to keep the football team happy . . . "Boy, could my Pop . . ."

The Sophomore Male

STEWART LAMBIE
A Bronxite who claimed that was the place to live . . . And spent two years on the college basketball team . . . "Some really do find me handsome."

G. HOLMES MENDELMANN
"Gabby" . . . Whose canary was half sparrow . . . And basso profundo to boot . . . A hard fighter on the college basketball team . . . "Picture me as Othello" . . . "You fools you!"

HERBERT MUHL
With his Ward House German Classes . . . "Did you hear the one about—" . . . "Can I borrow your tie?" . . . "Never put off until tomorrow what you can put off until the day after tomorrow."



PAUL MEYER
Long walks . . . Some originating at Ward House . . . The bass section of the choir . . . Sports editor of the Concord . . . "Will you guys please shut up in there!"

The Sophomore Male

CHARLES OTIS

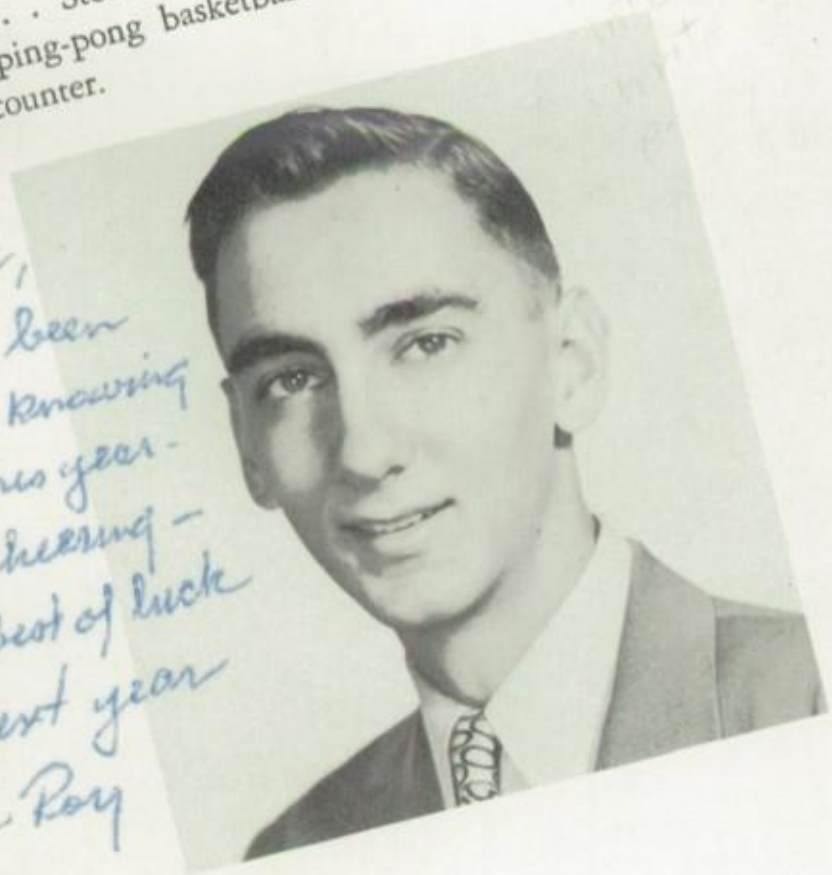
"Fritzie" . . . Who was our student body president . . . And store clerk . . . A Football lineman . . . And a hustling basketball squad member . . . With a gripe for every tick of the clock . . . "You said it!"

WILLIAM PUDER

"Puddles" . . . Who took his turn as basketball squad manager . . . "Little Rosy Cheeks" . . . With a flair for Spanish . . . And a big smile . . . "If it's from Argentina, it's good!"

ROY SCHURMANN

Comptroller . . . On basketball squad . . . An accent for every occasion . . . Math whiz . . . Store clerk who played "ping-pong basketball" on the counter.



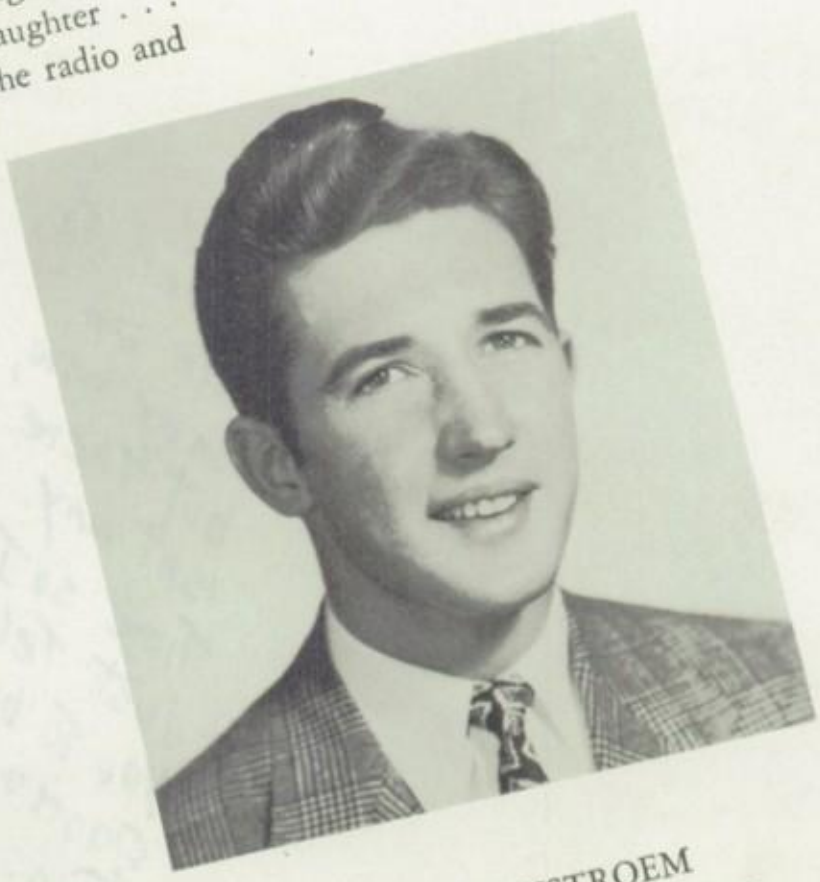
EDWARD RAUFF

"By Zeus" . . . "Grunau was saying that—" . . . The "Old Masters" with schmalz . . . Conversationalist extraordinary . . . Inner Mission . . . Efficient organizer . . . "—to the very core!"

The Sophomore Male

ANDREW SIMCAK
Herod's right hand man . . . Basketball squad . . . "Down to 195; I'll have to go home and eat" . . . Walking almanac for sports statistics . . . "How about those Yankees?"

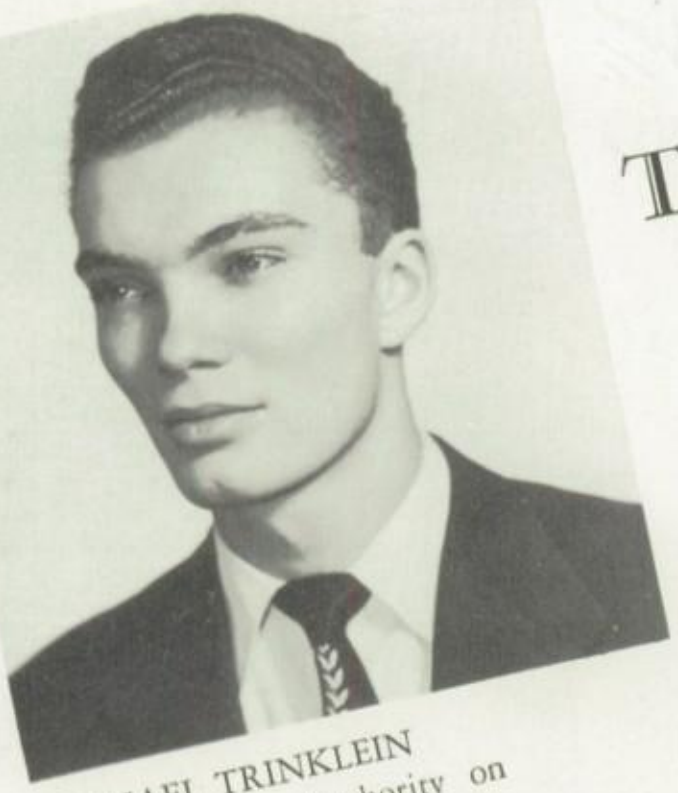
FREDERICK SKOV
Horn enthusiast . . . Who wore a shepherd's wig at Christmas . . . Strange mixture of quietness and laughter . . . "Gonna listen to the radio and sack in."



HANS SPALTEHOLZ
"Der Schwanz" . . . Who got tired of yearbooks and photos . . . "I'll never get a 3.5 this time" . . . "Boy, that was terrific!" . . . "Back home in New-ark—"

GORDON SONSTROEM
"That ain't nothin'; you should see back home—I know a guy that—" . . . Football with his arm in a cast . . . That trio voice . . . And the bass that "must have weighed four and a half pounds!"

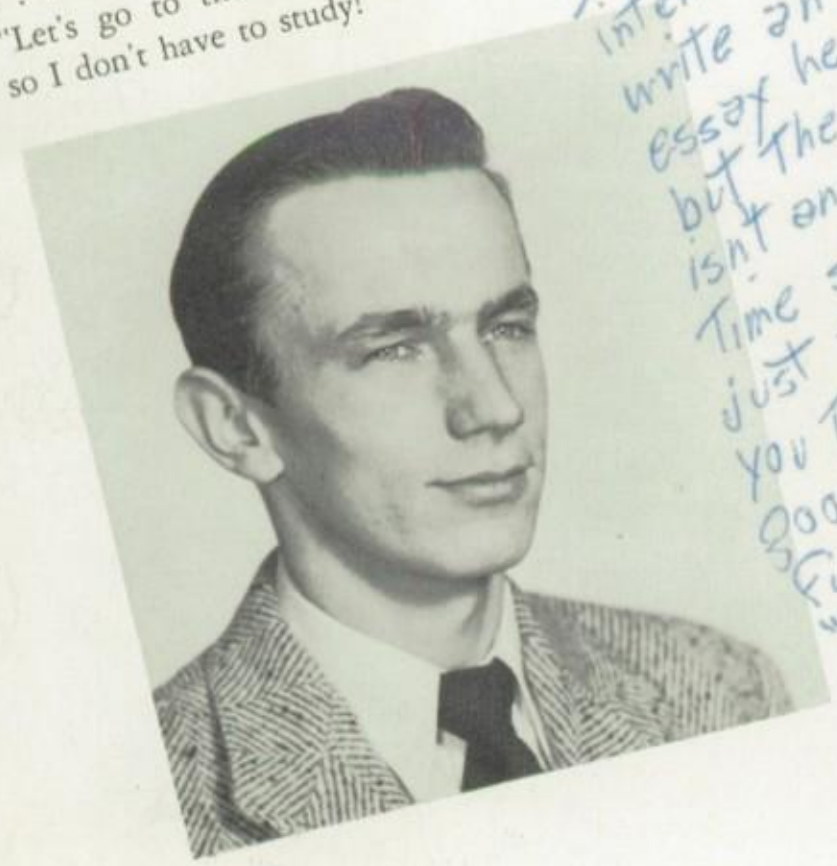
The Sophomore Male

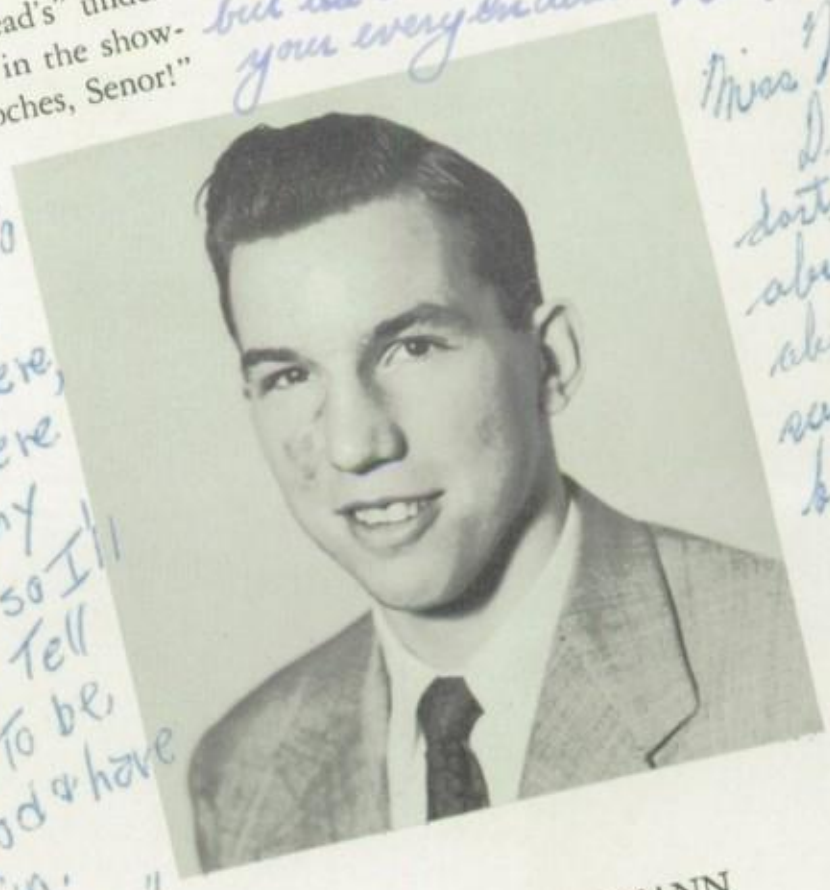


MICHAEL TRINKLEIN
"Trink" . . . Authority on Lutherland, especially its night life . . . "Mellow" . . . The other soldier at Herod's court . . . Scientific fiction . . . "Ask me anything!"

ALEXANDER VON SCHLICHTEN
"J.P." . . . "Von" . . . "Delah" . . . "Peajsch" . . . "Bing" . . . One of Sieker's best dressers . . . The old Redhead's" understudy . . . "Singin' in the shower" . . . "Buenas Noches, Senor!"

WILBERT WOLLENBERG
"Wally" . . . the Coop's number one electrician . . . "Gun" . . . More fishin' yarns . . . "Let's go to the bean wagon, so I don't have to study!"





ANDREW WEYERMANN
"Andy" . . . Basketball . . . "Boy, am I bushed!" . . . Music Critic . . . "I don't believe in going steady" . . . "What a load!"

All This, I Say, Was Mine

For An Hour or More

With love
& best wishes -
Mrs. Kalin

For an hour or more I lay there, staring blankly out of the window. Until all at once it dawned on me that this — this was the very window, complete with initials and all, that so many years ago had become in the wink of an eye a positive testimony to my daring and accuracy. What an orange that had been! And what a crash!

I thought about that all the way down the stairs and half way down the front drive toward the highway. And it made me feel so good that I decided that I didn't mind it so much after all being here alone. It wasn't too bad — for a while.

I continued on to the highway and then down the road to the huge white house with the mammoth porch that had been Ressmeyer Hall for Girls. The huge porch afforded excellent shelter from the rain. So leaning against a pillar, I managed for a moment to forget about the wind, the rain, and myself. And I think I almost chuckled to myself when I remembered. . . .

RESSMEYER HALL

MISS ELLEN STAHLBERG

Who taught the college business courses . . . And baked delicious chocolate chip cookies for her "gals" in Ressmeyer . . . Who seemed quite a lively bunch for so quiet a person to control . . . But from the looks of things . . . She did it.

Sweet Home

Dear Norma,
I guess you and I really have spent the time trying to catch up with the rest of the class leaders by reason of it pays. It's been real hard all of it. Keep your never ending smile, and chair for me next year. Love always
Syl

Who, it is said, never smiled before lunch . . . And then never stopped until midnight . . . Or after . . . Who had the nasty habit of dumping water on whoever stayed on the telephone too long . . . Who spent a whole day mopping up water . . . After someone turned the third floor into a lake . . . By inadvertantly leaving a faucet running . . . Then the metropolitan area had a water shortage . . . You figure out the cause . . . Who put aside all this frivolity every Wednesday evening to share in a devotion prepared by one of their number.

Hither and Yon

Dear Norma,
Glad I got to see you always. Seems it - Ellen's hoping we'll get to know each other better next year. - Sara Jean

Dear norma
Remember the fun we had sharing together. Don't forget the wonderful times we had playing basketball
See you next year.
Helen

Dear Norma, a fellow native of Connecticut, the best state in the union; a fellow victim of Chemistry, the worst course in the college; a fellow member of the Choir, the best group in the world. The best to you, here.
Edna

Talent galore . . . But their chief talent that of exercising their vocal chords . . . And next in line that of harassing poor, innocent males . . . Witness the case of Freshman, "Buzz" Graesser . . . Whose shirt took a beating . . . When one of the more intelligent girls ironed it . . . Burned a hole in it . . . The girls decided they couldn't give him back his shirt with a hole in it . . . They painted ink dots of brown, red, and green on the collar, sleeves, and pockets . . . Drew pictures . . . Inscribed lipstick prints . . . Wrote on the back, along with their names, "Buzz does anything" . . . It took three months and three dollars to convince him it was funny . . . And after that he did his own laundry . . . Ah, talent.

Dear Norma,
Looks like we had success together. Remember Chemistry lab and basket-

Dear Norma,
How's your tennis now? Did the cast really help it for you? I'll remember you in Marshall in the future. Twin. Best wishes. Ellen

ball games. Always remember me. As ever, Jean Briggs.

Among Many

ORTRUD HAUBENREISSER

"Your eyebrow is showing" . . . Eco notes is verse . . . "Didn't I get any mail?" . . . "What's in a name?"

Norma,
I've has
been fun
this year.
Those
basketball
games when
I yelled
my lungs
out for
dear
Ressmeyer and
you won after
all, and all
those merry
good work —
Lynn

German classes. — Keep up the

Dear Norma,
Basketball season
was fun and
there were a few
were a torture
but it was
still a
wonderful
year wasn't
it. Have
fun, but
please be
good.
Joy

Surrounded by Freshman girls . . . What sort of fate that is for a sophomore I wouldn't know . . . Never having been surrounded by same . . . But two of these gals lived through it a whole year . . . And from the looks of things, did all right.

EDYTHE MULLER

The dawn commuter . . . "Eco notes illustrated cheap!" . . . A Lounge fixture with sandwiches and a psych book.

JOYCE PRICE

"Sleepy" . . . Twirler . . . A weakness for worms, creative writing, and schmoos on the floor . . . "What, another chem test?"

And Elsewhere

Who had a fire alarm for an alarm clock . . . Which Ward and Sieker borrowed upon memorable occasions . . . A mascot named "Gorgeous Gert," in dress, stockings, and hat . . . Who was jolly until her head fell off . . . She was a skeleton . . . And a cat—or kitten—named Ressie for a pet . . Who climbed curtains, exercised her claws . . . And in general acted like any Ressmeyer girl . . . Who had what was most important . . . All of Bohm Hall as admirers.

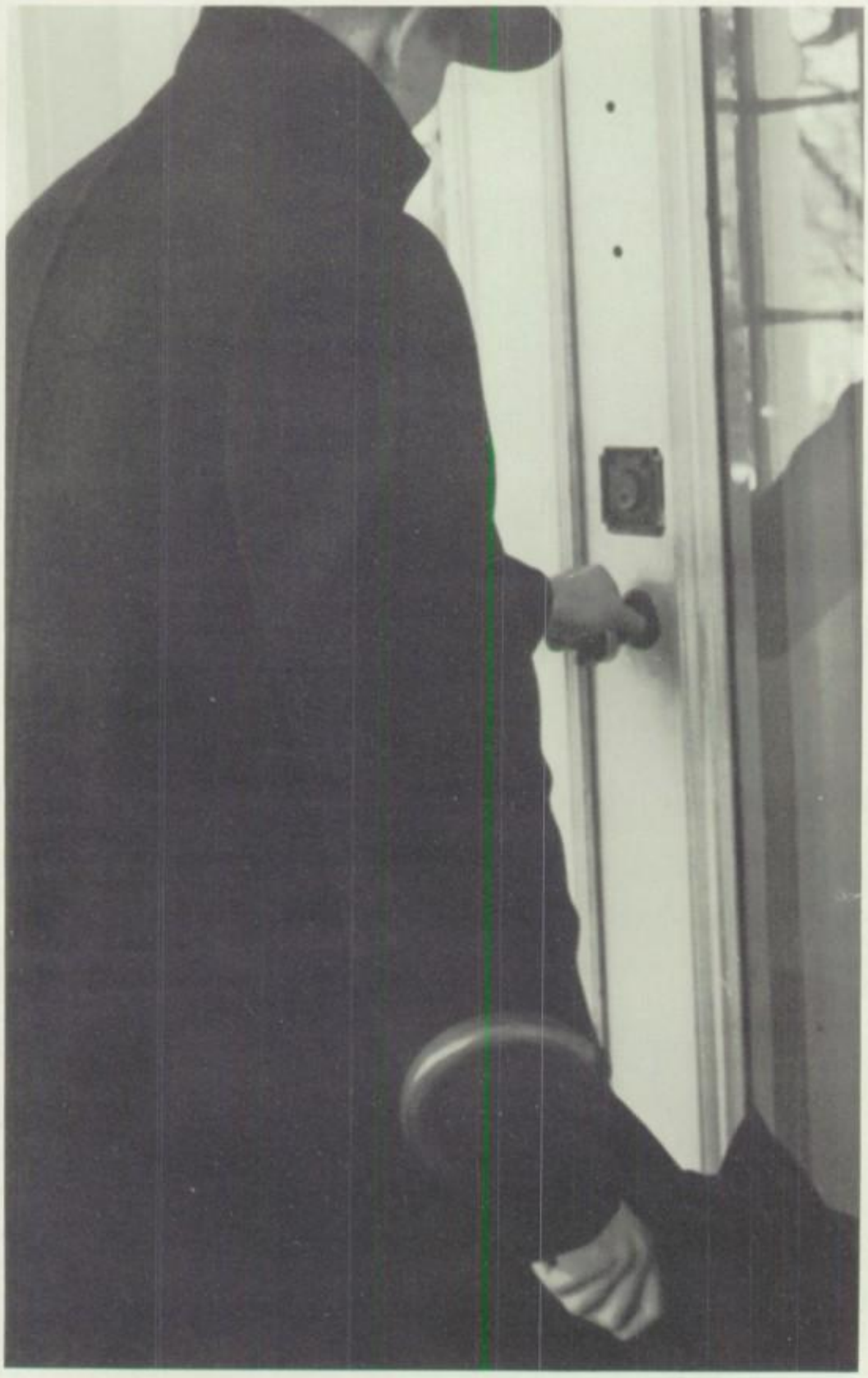
Dear Norma,
It's been swell knowing you this year. I hope you have as much fun in Ressmeyer as we did. I still think it's the most terrific dorm on campus. (Could be I'm prejudiced?) Let's get back in your suite's.
Jean '64

Down The Road

The rain had almost stopped when I left the relatively dry expanse of the Ressmeyer Hall porch and set out down the road toward the remaining two outlying patches of campus, Koepchen Hall and Ward House.

On the way I crossed the road and gazed over the top of a stone wall at the water soaked ground of the athletic field some distance below at the bottom of a steep bank. The athletic field had always been the most perpetually wet spot on the campus. Today it was more so. I walked on.

Koepchen Hall with its own private drive loomed up just as white and massive as ever. After climbing the large stone stairs, I found the door to the enclosed porch open and entered. But when I tried the handle of the inside door, it would not budge. I walked the length of the porch. Then sitting on a window sill, I tried to forget the miles, the years, and their quantity. And I think I almost chuckled to myself when I remembered. . . .



KOEPCHEN HALL

All In All

MISS ELIZABETH MADILL

Who taught high school English . . . And liked living in her apartment in Koepchen Hall . . . Sometimes because of the girls . . . Sometimes in spite of them . . . But always a good mother to them.

Dear Norma.

I'm awfully sorry but that will have to be short. I valued your friendship greatly much & know that it will continue next year. We did so many things together that it will take a page to enumerate. Have a very enjoyable summer.

Loads of love,
Irene

Who thought nothing of a dorm meeting after eleven at night . . . And thought even less of getting up at six in the morning . . . So little, in fact, that the thought never even entered anyone's mind . . . Who had squirrels in the walls, and admittingly, bats in the you-know-what . . . Whose radios blared out the Hit Parade and The Word of Life . . . At the same time . . . That must have been a pretty solid building in those days.

Toward Cap and Gown

JANET ATTIYEH
"Speedy" . . . Twirler . . . Big smile . . . "Olives do things to me" . . . "Let me sleep another five minutes."

MARILYN DIPPOLD
"Mickey" . . . Notes in shorthand . . . The bean wagon . . . "I don't know what to wear!" . . . Willing to help anyone eat . . . "That's ridiculous."

LORITA HENNINGER
Twirler . . . Invariably late . . . "Don't worry about it" . . . Sun lamp treatments and lost keys . . . "Have you seen my business book?"

DOROTHY GARTTNER
"You can wear anything I have!" . . . Information bureau with a sprained ankle . . . From angels to cigars . . . "I'll cash a check."

Toward Cap and Gown

JOYCE HILAND
Clams . . . And a sense of humor . . . C. S. Lewis and the Deans List . . . "Read this! It's from Mom! It's a panic."

JUNE KEMPF
"Fritzie" . . . "Did the alarm really go off?" . . . Shrimp and Shakespeare . . . Afternoon naps and perpetual hiccups . . . "What's this gop?"

DOROTHY OHL
"Dottie" . . . Effervescence and enthusiasm, humor and laughter . . . Sincerity and energy . . . "I blush a pretty pink."

CAROLE NELSON
"Is modesty a virtue?" . . . Sophistication thru a cigarette holder . . . Behind knobless door a nightingale in a coop . . . "Hey Stupid!"

Toward Cap and Gown

FLORENCE SABOL
"I hate vegetables and the Punic Wars" . . . Red flannels and hot chocolate . . . "What does it all mean?"

JEANNE SCHELLHAMMER
Studying in a prone position . . . A different method of brushing teeth . . . The smallest feet in the college . . . "This is so aggravating."

MARION WHITE
Meal and mail times are best . . . Cheerful . . . Basketball pro . . . Dungarees, ice cream sandwiches and hot chocolates . . . "Oh my aching back."

THEODORA TWIGGS
"Teddy" . . . Who commuted most days . . . Yet spent most of her waking moments in Koepchen Hall . . . Telling jokes . . . Or solving everyone's problems . . . "Has anyone got a cigarette?"

Now and Then

Who were champs at getting locked in their rooms . . . Because the door knobs kept falling off . . . Were so jittery that even their own reflection in a window scared them . . . Jittery or hoping . . . Who spent their leisure time in cultural experiences like bubble blowing.

Dear Norma, You are a "wonderful" friend and Connecticut girl. Keep up your cheery ways and sweet smile and "she" will always love you and so will I. Lots of Success and happiness in the future.

Love
"Kitty"

Who rinsed their hair with beer . . . Washed clothes in the shower . . . Used tomato juice as a hair tonic and dandruff remover . . . And practically fell out of the window two or three times getting orders from the diner through Sieker Hall boys.

In Times Past

Who never smoked in their rooms . . . But somehow managed to burn ironing boards, pretzels, and psych notes . . . And didn't kid anybody about having a lounge . . . They admitted it had all the comforts of a smoking room . . . And more smoke . . . The music of saxophones after hours . . . And the bouncing of batons . . . All of which added color to the nightly "Tea Time" . . . Quaint, cute, and gassy . . . But not repulsive to those who ate Saturday lunches in the dorm . . . And, in sane moments, were quick to reflect on the inspiring beauty of the conservatory . . . Had you seen it you would have done so, too.

Through the Gate

It was raining again. Luckily, however, I had merely to cross the street to bring myself into contact with the old colonial atmosphere of the Ward House. I made my way down the slippery stone steps and left Koepchen Hall behind me.

Crossing the street was no problem, for there was little traffic. Once on the other side I swung open the gate in the pretty white picket fence, sauntered down the walk, mounted the steps, and tried the door. To my surprise it was open.

I entered, and found my way into the homey downstairs lounge, picked out a couch in the corner, where through the window I could watch the cars that occasionally passed, and sat down.

I remembered sitting here many times before; I had experienced my first "heart trouble" here. I smiled at the memory of it. Then leaning back, I tried for a moment to forget the quiet, the stillness, and the deepening shadows. And I think I almost chuckled to myself when I remembered. . . .

The WARD HOUSE

When All Together

MISS BONNIE DOZER

Who taught college Spanish and French . . . And was Dean of Women . . . In which capacity she told baby sitters where to go . . . Except when she fell victim to appendicitis . . . And couldn't even Dorm-Mother her charges in Ward House . . . But she was soon back . . . And all was well.

Dear Norma,
It has been a wonderful year. I shall never forget any of you girls. Don't you forget either!
Sincerely,
B.D.

Dear Norma,
Did never for-get the fun we've had. Even if I did grow you homesick and room-mean it. Looking forward to next year. Good luck & God bless
Love always,
Louise

Who made a habit of parties around burning embers in old fire places . . . And thought it might be well to have another telephone installed for the garrulous second floor girls . . . Perhaps also a sink with permanent legs . . . Since the old one with its detachable legs made for aspiring twirlers . . . A slip here, a thud there, and a "shot in the head" — to put it in the vernacular — from the first floor girls . . . Who never knew whether it was a rat they heard when all was quiet at night . . . Or a "Peeping Tom" . . . Or a combination . . . Whose aesthetic senses had drawn him to admire the Ward House "full piece symphony orchestra."

On to Bigger Things

VIRGINIA FUSS
"Ginny" . . . Choir alto, but a bathtub soprano . . . Laughing shoulders . . . trustworthy, understanding . . . Dots and dashes . . . "Have you grown or have I shrunk?"

JOYCE RUSCH
"Joy" . . . Excitable and loquacious . . . R.P.I. and the Coop . . . Longene Symphonette . . . "Aren't you done yet? I was finished an hour ago."

MURIEL STORMS
Antics and ideas . . . Her "All Male Orchestra" . . . A lovelorn column, cold pills and bargains . . . "Close the window. It's cold in here."

MARY STAFFORD
"Bunny" . . . Choking laugh . . . Octette . . . "That is, if this good man will take us in" . . . "Go away. You're throwing me off my schedule."

On to Bigger Things

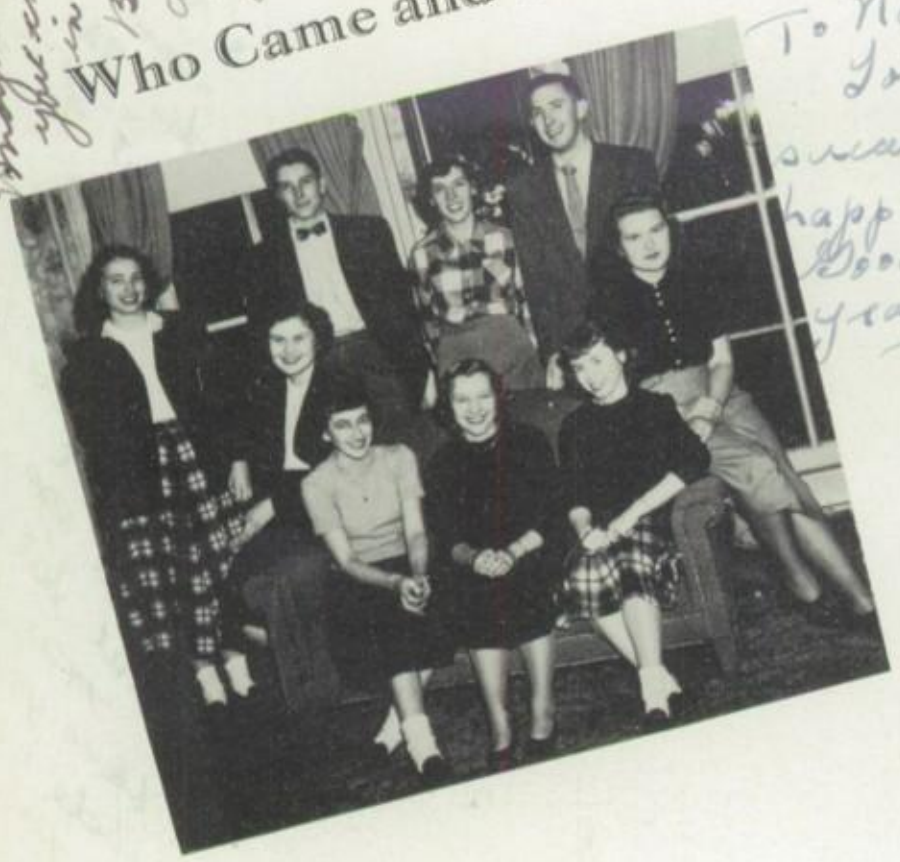
ELEANOR WENDTE

"Wendy" . . . "Not lost—misplaced" . . . "Mater pro tempore" . . . "Weep on my shoulder" . . . "Wake me in 10 minutes" . . . "Get out the ant poison."

NORMA WIRSING

"Lemmie" . . . Classical music, quiet, reserved . . . Little devil in sheep's clothing . . . Nothing to say about everything . . . Set alarm for 6 but got up at 7 . . . "Quidonc?"

Who Came and Went



DAY STUDENTS

Who really didn't belong in Ward House . . . And didn't really belong anywhere . . . They would suddenly appear on a bright sunny morning, as out of nowhere . . . Only to vanish again with the coming of twilight . . . All of which sounds quite magical . . . But when you get right down to it, they were a pretty normal bunch . . . As day students go.

THE ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE

Who from their Ward House Headquarters kept the Concordia social niche well filled. . . With the Tea. . . The Hag's Drag . . . The Square Dance . . . The picnic at Woodlawn Park . . . The Christmas Banquet . . . Under the direction of "Gabby" Mendlemann and Faculty Advisors Dozer and Grunau . . . A good year . . . A good committee.

On How to Relax

Some of whose idle-rich baby sitters wrote the following bit of verse . . .

"One dozen scheming co-eds;
Think not what we mean
would-weds.
We entertain by the fireside;
Are much alive, when the fire's
died."

. . . And don't think they were kidding.

From the Outside

Apparently I had not closed the door completely, for after a time a strong gust of wind fairly ripped it from its hinges as it blew back against a chair standing nearby. I was startled by the noise, but glad nevertheless that it had roused me. I closed the door again — this time from the outside.

Sometime later I arrived back at the central part of the campus. The old front drive that approached and provided vehicular access to the administration building had become excessively soft and muddy. The wet gravel gave way under my feet. So it was not without difficulty that I reached the front of that Tudor Gothic structure in the middle of the campus.

I spent a while staring in through basement windows at the chemistry laboratories. Then, after going through much preliminary ceremony — the more important phases of which were the shaking of my dripping umbrella and the stamping of my muddy feet — I entered, directed myself to a class room, and sat down at the front desk.

Then, looking out over the dimly lit room, I tried for a moment to forget the empty desks, the silent voices, and the sands of time. And I think I almost chuckled to myself when I remembered. . . .

The ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

Who Also Served

ACTING PRESIDENT MEYER

Whose office on the first floor seemed one of the busiest in the building . . . After he took over the reins of the school . . . Filling the vacancy made when President Arthur J. Doege resigned that post, having accepted a call to a congregation in Mineola, Long Island . . . He discharged his duties with characteristic precision and seemed to carry the responsibility easily . . . A good combination.

PREPARATORY SCHOOL PRINCIPAL

Professor Carl Weidmann . . . From whose office next door to the president came a continual flow of notices like, "The following Sophomores must . . ." Who always seemed to have a million things on his mind . . . And a million places to be . . . At the same time . . . The remarkable thing, that he was in most of those places . . . Or his secretary Mrs. Aspenleiter knew why.

PUBLIC RELATIONS OFFICE

Where Mr. Herbert Thien took care of the school's good name and bad enrollment . . . Assisted by Miss Fick, his more than capable secretary . . . Between the two of them they helped everyone from the president to the smallest eighth grade prospective high school freshman . . . And it kept them busy.

—And Served Well

THE BURSAR

The man who knew us all by virtue of our bank books . . . And by our lack of them . . . Mr. E. A. Bocklemann . . . Always a good man to know when funds got low . . . "What do you need it for?" . . . As bad as Pop . . . But with a lot more money . . . And a secretary named Mrs. Fausel . . . And books that balanced.

THE DEAN OF THE COLLEGE

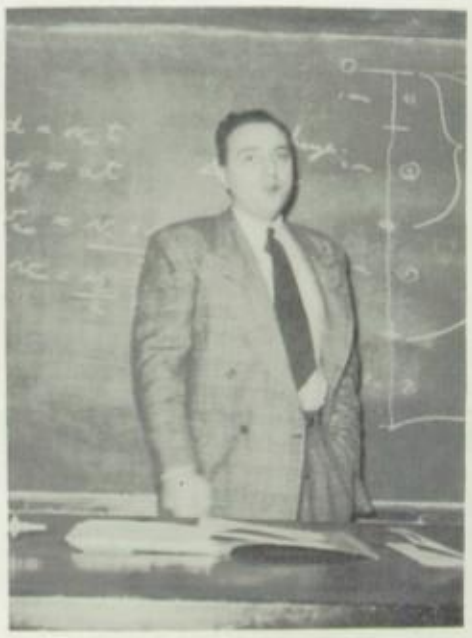
Theodore W. Hausmann . . . Who could find more things to talk about in an hour's discussion than any other ten men . . . Or women . . . If you could find him . . . Who burned the candle at both ends . . . And the midnight oil to boot . . . With a secretary who had equal ambition . . . Mrs. Gollow . . . So that they could keep things running smoothly . . . Which they did.

THE FINANCE COMMITTEE

Who were entrusted with the important task of regulating the finances of the varied student committees and activities . . . Its guiding stars . . . Roy Shurmann, school comptroller . . . And Faculty advisor Fahrenkrug . . . They managed to simplify the school's financial network . . . But it still took two weeks to collect on a bill . . . That's life.

Of, By, and For

Where the clubs met and held forth . . . The French Club under the supervision of Miss Bonnie Dozer and President Joyce Price . . . With their movies, guests, packages, and play . . . The Pre-Theological Club guided by Professor Wilbur Luecke and President Edward Rauff . . . Who had periodic lectures and discussions . . . And the Religion Club which held weekly Tuesday meetings . . . Over whose program of discussions Professor Grunau and President Everett Kalin worried . . . Where the clubs met . . . And we, I think, came forth a bit wiser.



STUDENT COUNCIL

Whom we elected to keep everything humming smoothly . . . While we went blissfully along, they worked . . . Appointing high school and college students to the various offices pertaining to the functional work of both divisions . . . Charlie Otis, the Student Body President, held the reins . . . And the council held periodic meetings.

THE CONCORD STAFF

Who put out the bi-weekly product of Editor Everett Kallin's skill in handling writers as well as their copy . . . Another week, another deadline . . . More ulcers for the editor . . . More news for us . . . And a good bawling out for guys like me who didn't have their copy in . . . But it was fun.

Bad English Can Be Interesting

THE CONCORDIAN STAFF

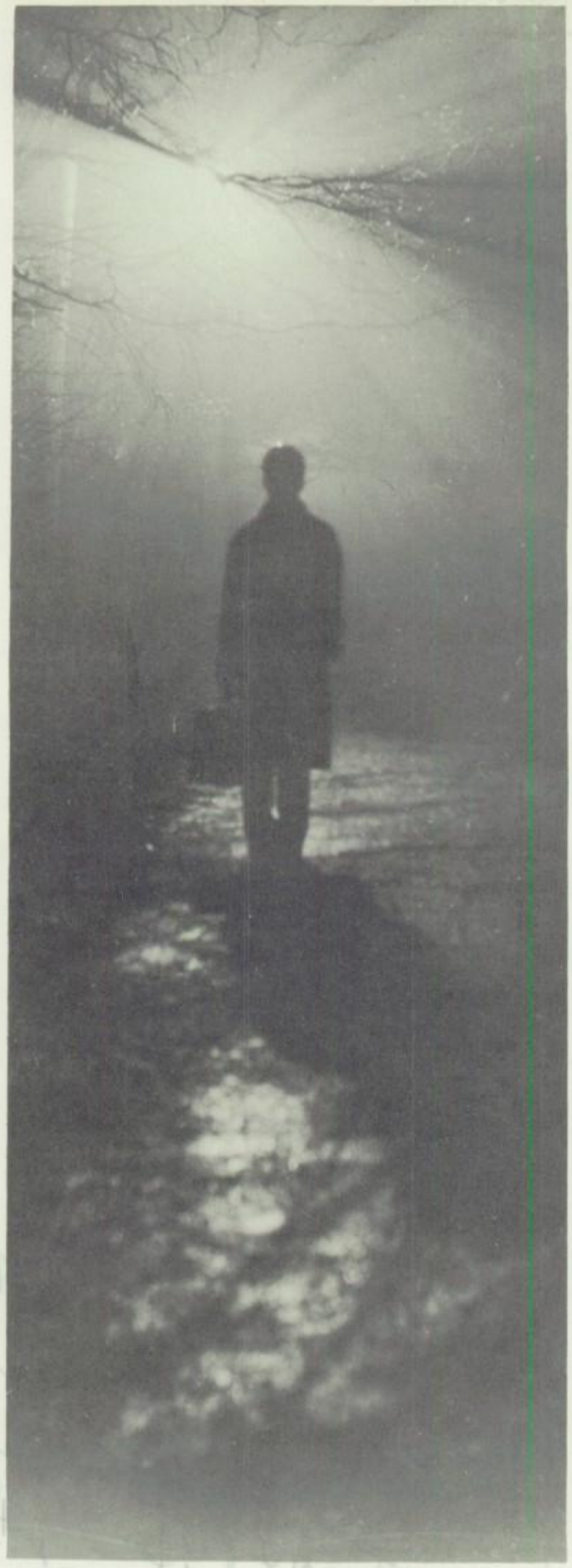
Who tried hard, anyway . . . Working a whole year on what took us all just two mintes to read . . . A few good pictures . . . A good word or two . . . About me . . . But it was the same old thing . . . In spite of itself . . . I gave mine to the Salvation Army . . . Good reading for the blind.

Across the road was the Bronxville Community Chapel — Lutheran . . . Where most of us attended services . . . It had been located in three rooms of a large house . . . Then the congregation had begun to build a church . . . You could see it out of the front windows of the Administration Building if you tried . . . An odd structure, unlike any I'd seen before . . . But beautiful in its own way . . . And the House of God . . . Quite a sight to see as it rose up out of the ground . . . It was not finished when I left . . . But then, is a church ever really finished?

Thy Spirit

THE CHAPEL

In the midst of classroom hustle and bustle . . . A quiet sanctuary . . . A place for meditation and worship . . . For drawing nigh to the source of all knowledge . . . The source of wisdom . . . And all strength . . . A place to bow one's head and plead, "Lord, help me." The one place on campus which came close to embodying the essence, spirit, and ideal that we called "Concordia."



Epilogue

The mellow half-light that entered through the tinted rear windows of the chapel created an atmosphere of melancholy peace and calm. Twilight, the silent forerunner of Night, settled slowly around me, and the shadows of the aging day grew deeper and deeper until the altar in the chancel merged with the blackness surrounding it and I could scarely discern the outline of the old wooden crucifix with the gilt corpus that shone so brightly in my memory.

I closed my eyes for a moment in silent meditation. And when I awoke from my reverie some time later, the twilight shadows, the altar, and even the wooden crucifix with the gilt corpus were gone, hidden by the overwhelming, all persuasive blackness of night.

Groping in the darkness, I made my way to the door. For a moment I turned and stared back into the blackness, recreating in my mind's eye those last few moments of the twilight. Then, turning, I descended the stairs to the first floor and left the building.

The rain had ceased. A blanket of mist had covered everything and obscured the very blackness of the night. It was a world of gray — cold, empty gray. And I found myself a solitary figure in the midst of it, walking alone.

I made my way between the checker board puddles on the front drive toward the pale white glow of a streetlight. The gravel crunched as I trod on it for the last times.

When I reached the street, I turned around to catch one last fleeting glimpse of all that I had left behind. I squinted and strained my eyes, but I could see only the swirling, rolling mist and the reflection of a bush on the surface of a puddle.

It was as though the curtain had fallen on the last act of my reverie and apparently there was nothing left for the audience to do but pick up its program and leave.

"I wonder," I thought, as I walked on into the wet, misty night, "whether they ever really found out who threw that orange through the window."

Finis

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Don't go jumping off any bridges. The world's a wonderful place once you learn to like it. I want for a parallel friendship — See you on next year's year-book staff — in the chair — etc. Good luck over the summer — God bless you —

Bob Werberig

NORMA—

AS IF I HAVEN'T
WRITTEN ENOUGH TRIVIA
FOR HAD IN THIS DARN
BOOK, YOU HAVE TO MAKE ME
SCRIBBLE YOUR ONLY PRETTY WHITE
BLANK PAGE INTO OBLIVION!! LET'S JUST
HOPE YOU CAN KEEP MEET PEERS EDITOR!
UNDER AS GOOD CONTROL AS THIS PEERS.
GOOD HUNTING!

VICTOR

Norma—

From one Chem genius to another. You did a great deal to liven up that old dull Chem lab. Every Tuesday staring into your smiling face + going your e bath with the spray from the sink. I tried hard with your Tennis game, whatever it did any good I have my doubts, it had lots of fun. Don't drop by this during the summer. I can take your home doing all the pushing + mowing all the shit. Maybe next year your Tennis game will show some improvement, Merci fopefully it will. Looking forward to see you next year and I hope you feel the same.

"Buzz"

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Greetings From The Pension Fund

To you students of our Bronxville Concordia we wish to extend our most cordial greetings.

Synod, under God's guidance, is preparing you for a life of service in the Church. After your graduation from the Seminary, several years hence, Synod will also concern itself with putting you to work in the Lord's vineyard.

In addition, Synod desires to see you cared for after you have rendered years of faithful service. For this purpose the Pension Fund was inaugurated in 1937. Through your participation in this Fund you will make provision for the day of your eventual retirement after years of pleasant and effective service.

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No better advice, no surer formula for success, can be given to you who leave these hallowed halls and to those who will remain, than those few words spoken by John the Baptist of Christ long ago, namely: "He must increase, but I must decrease."

All your future success, your future happiness, your effectiveness in performing daily tasks, your inner peace and rest, your spiritual growth, will depend on your willingness to give Christ the preeminence in your life—to give Him **all** praise and **all** glory.

Our dual labors—yours of preparation for the Gospel ministry—and ours of constant application and devotion to the ministry of print, will result in maximum spiritual gains—only in the measure that we submit ourselves wholly to Christ, casting aside all pride and unholy ambitions.

Only then will our mutual efforts bear fruit in His Kingdom—only then will God be able to use us as channels of blessing to others.

CONCORDIA PUBLISHING HOUSE

SAINT LOUIS 18, MISSOURI

June 1950

Dear Norma,

My mother - who tried so hard to keep me out of trouble this year. Really I don't know what I would have done if you weren't always near to talk to and help the "sorrowful me" to get out of her terrible moods.

I'm really sorry we didn't know each other sooner - we could have done so many more things together. But, this summer and next year will make - up for it.

Don't forget I expect to see upon you this summer - so until then - stay as wonderful as you are now - don't even stop talking and laughing 'cause you just wouldn't be you.

God's richest blessings
to a very wonderful girl
always Elmer

Joyce Rusch
22 Sterling Place
Hicksville L. I.
New York

Irene Knopke
140-40 Oak Ave.
Flushing, New York

Eleanor Kendle
204-18 115th Ave.
St. Albans, 12, N.Y.

Elaine Schultz
30 Mallory St.
Danbury Conn.

Norma Wiesing
Cedar Lane,
Kingsville, Md.

Connie Kiehl
87 E Wyoming Ave.
Melrose, Mass

Dear Norma,

And so it ends - your friendship and mine has blossomed from a little "hmm - one girl and three fellows" to a big beautiful friendship. But all foolishness aside, I've been proud to be your friend because I can think of no one who is such a bundle of sunshine as you are. Many times you have mucked that grumpy old Connie would go soak his head - many times I have. This year has been full of cherished memories - many moments of laughter, a few of tears, and many, many moments of understanding - religious, companionable, and "heart".

Your "brother-in-law" is missing me - the place is empty - dirt, shadows, and empty boxes - a ghost of perfume and smoke. Be happy in your work this summer. Keep faith and I hope your "correspondence" goes well. May God bless you and keep you this summer. See you with the big "five" next year.

Love,

Connie